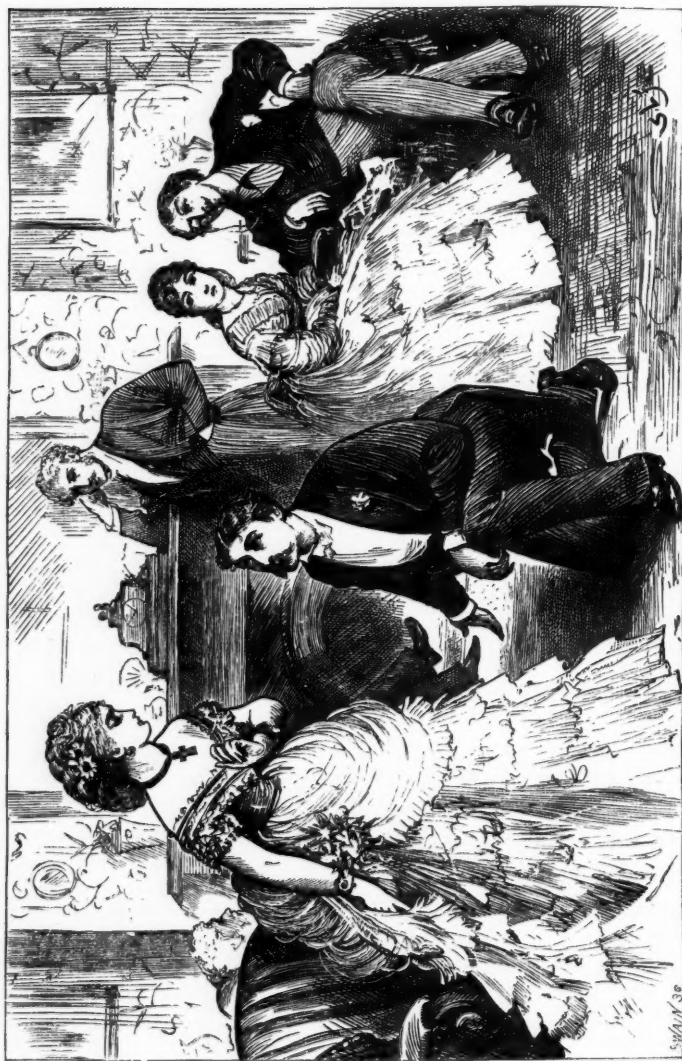


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THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCE OF MONTEPULCINO

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THE
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JULY, 1871.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"O'SHEA'S BARN."



HERE were many more pretentious houses than "O'Shea's Barn." It would have been easy enough to discover larger rooms and finer furniture, more numerous servants and more of display in all the details of life; but for an air of quiet comfort, for the certainty of meeting with every material enjoyment that people of moderate fortune aspire to, it stood unrivalled.

The rooms were airy and cheerful, with flowers in summer, as they were well heated and well lighted in winter. The most massive-looking but luxurious old arm-chairs, that modern taste would have repudiated for ugliness, abounded everywhere; and the four cumbrous but

comfortable seats that stood around the circular dinner-table—and it was a matter of principle with Miss Betty that the company should never be more numerous—only needed speech to have told of traditions of conviviality for very nigh two centuries back.

As for a dinner at "the Barn," the whole countyside confessed that they never knew how it was that Miss Betty's salmon was 'curdier' and her mountain mutton more tender, and her woodcocks racier and of higher

flavour, than any one else's. Her brown sherry you might have equalled—she liked the colour and the heavy taste—but I defy you to match that marvellous port which came in with the cheese, and as little, in these days of light Bordeaux, that stout-hearted Sneyd's claret, in its ancient decanter, whose delicately fine neck seemed fashioned to retain the bouquet.

The most exquisite compliment that a courtier ever uttered could not have given Miss Betty the same pleasure as to hear one of her guests request a second slice off "the haunch." This was, indeed, a flattery that appealed to her finest sensibilities, and, as she herself carved, she knew how to reward that appreciative man with fat.

Never was the virtue of hospitality more self-rewarding than in her case; and the discriminating individual who ate with gusto, and who never associated the wrong condiment with his food, found favour in her eyes, and was sure of re-invitation.

Fortune had rewarded her with one man of correct taste and exquisite palate as a diner-out. This was the parish priest, the Rev. Luke Delany, who had been educated abroad, and whose natural gifts had been improved by French and Italian experiences. He was a small little meek man, with closely-cut black hair and eyes of the darkest; scrupulously neat in dress, and, by his ruffles and buckled shoes at dinner, affecting something of the abbé in his appearance. To such as associated the Catholic priest with coarse manners, vulgar expressions, or violent sentiments, Father Luke, with his low voice, his well-chosen words, and his universal moderation, was a standing rebuke; and many an English tourist who met him came away with the impression of the gross calumny that associated this man's order with under-bred habits and disloyal ambitions. He spoke little, but he was an admirable listener, and there was a sweet encouragement in the bland nod of his head, and a racy appreciation in the bright twinkle of his humorous eye, that the prosiest talker found irresistible.

There were times, indeed,—stirring intervals of political excitement—when Miss Betty would have liked more hardihood and daring in her ghostly counsellor; but heaven help the man who would have ventured on the open avowal of such opinion or uttered a word in disparagement of Father Luke.

It was in that snug dinner-room I have glanced at that a party of four sat over their wine. They had dined admirably, a bright wood-fire blazed on the hearth, and the scene was the emblem of comfort and quiet conviviality. Opposite Miss O'Shea sat Father Delany, and on either side of her her nephew Gorman and Mr. Ralph Miller, in whose honour the present dinner was given.

The Romish bishop of the diocese had vouchsafed a guarded and cautious approval of Mr. Miller's views, and secretly instructed Father Delany to learn as much more as he conveniently could of the learned gentleman's intentions before committing himself to a pledge of hearty support.

"I will give him a good dinner," said Miss O'Shea, "and some of

the '45 claret, and if you cannot get his sentiments out of him after that, I wash my hands of him."

Father Delany accepted his share of the task, and assuredly Miss Betty did not fail on her part.

The conversation had turned principally on the coming election, and Mr. Miller gave a flourishing account of his success as a canvasser, and even went the length of doubting if any opposition would be offered to him.

"Ain't you and young Kearney going on the same ticket?" asked Gorman, who was too new to Ireland to understand the nice distinctions of party.

"Pardon me," said Miller, "we differ essentially. *We* want a government in Ireland—the Nationalists want none. *We* desire order by means of timely concessions and judicious boons to the people. They want disorder—the display of gross injustice—content to wait for a scramble, and see what can come of it."

"Mr. Miller's friends, besides," interposed Father Luke, "would defend the Church and protect the Holy Father,"—and this was said with a half interrogation.

Miller coughed twice, and said, "Unquestionably. We have shown our hand already—look what we have done with the Established Church."

"You need not be proud of it," cried Miss Betty. "If you wanted to get rid of the crows why didn't you pull down the rookery?"

"At least they don't caw so loud as they used," said the priest, smiling; and Miller exchanged delighted glances with him for his opinion.

"I want to be rid of them, root and branch," said Miss Betty.

"If you will vouchsafe us, ma'am, a little patience. Rome was not built in a day. The next victory of our Church must be won by the downfall of the English establishment. Ain't I right, Father Luke?"

"I am not quite clear about that," said the priest, cautiously. "Equality is not the safe road to supremacy."

"What was that row over towards Croghan Castle this morning?" asked Gorman, who was getting wearied with a discussion he could not follow. "I saw the constabulary going in force there this afternoon."

"They were in pursuit of the celebrated Dan Donogan," said Father Luke. "They say he was seen at Moate."

"They say more than that," said Miss Betty. "They say that he is stopping at Kilgobbin Castle!"

"I suppose to conduct young Kearney's election," said Miller, laughing.

"And why should they hunt him down?" asked Gorman. "What has he done?"

"He's a Fenian—a Head-Centre—a man who wants to revolutionize Ireland," replied Miller.

"And destroy the Church," chimed in the priest."

"Humph!" muttered Gorman, who seemed to imply, Is this all you can lay to his charge? "Has he escaped?" asked he, suddenly.

"Up to this he has," said Miller. "I was talking to the constabulary chief this afternoon, and he told me that the fellow is sure to be apprehended. He has taken to the open bog, and there are eighteen in full cry after him. There is a search-warrant too arrived, and they mean to look him up at Kilgobbin Castle."

"To search Kilgobbin Castle, do you mean?" asked Gorman.

"Just so. It will be, as I perceive you think it, a great offence to Mr. Kearney, and it is not impossible that his temper may provoke him to resist it."

"The mere rumour may materially assist his son's election," said the priest, silyly.

"Only with the party who have no votes, Father Luke," rejoined Miller. "That precarious popularity of the mob is about the most dangerous enemy a man can have in Ireland."

"You are right, sir," said the priest, blandly. "The real favour of this people is only bestowed on him who has gained the confidence of the clergy."

"If that be true," cried Gorman, "upon my oath I think you are worse off here than in Austria. There, at least, we are beginning to think without the permission of the Church."

"Let us have none of your atheism here, young man," broke in his aunt, angrily. "Such sentiments have never been heard in this room before."

"If I apprehend Lieut. Gorman aright," interposed Father Luke, "he only refers to the late movement of the Austrian Empire with reference to the Concordat, on which, amongst religious men, there are two opinions."

"No, no, you mistake me altogether," rejoined Gorman. "What I meant was, that a man can read, and talk, and think in Austria without the leave of the priest; that he can marry, and, if he like, he can die without his assistance."

"Gorman, you are a beast," said the old lady, "and if you lived here you would be a Fenian."

"You're wrong too, aunt," replied he. "I'd crush those fellows to-morrow if I was in power here."

"Mayhap the game is not so easy as you deem it," interposed Miller.

"Certainly it is not easy when played as you do it here. You deal with your law-breakers only by the rule of legality: that is to say, you respect all the regulations of the game towards the men who play false. You have your cumbrous details, and your lawyers, and judges, and juries, and you cannot even proclaim a county in a state of siege without a bill in your blessed Parliament, and a basketful of balderdash about the liberty of the subject. Is it any wonder rebellion is a regular trade with you,

and that men who don't like work, or business habits, take to it as a livelihood?"

"But have you never heard Curran's saying, young gentleman? 'You cannot bring an indictment against a nation,'" said Miller.

"I'd trouble myself little with indictments," replied Gorman. "I'd break down the confederacy by spies; I'd seize the fellows I knew to be guilty and hang them."

"Without evidence, without trial?"

"Very little of a trial, when I had once satisfied myself of the guilt."

"Are you so certain that no innocent men might be brought to the scaffold?" asked the priest, mildly.

"No, I am not. I take it, as the world goes, very few of us go through life without some injustice or another. I'd do my best not to hang the fellows who didn't deserve it, but I own I'd be much more concerned about the millions who wanted to live peaceably than the few hundred rascallions that were bent on troubling them."

"I must say, sir," said the priest, "I am much more gratified to know that you are a Lieutenant of Lancers in Austria than a British Minister in Downing Street."

"I have little doubt myself," said the other, laughing, "that I am more in my place; but of this I am sure, that if we were as mealy-mouthed with our Croats and Slovacks as you are with your Fenians, Austria would soon go to pieces."

There is, however, a higher price on that man Donogan's head than Austria ever offered for a traitor," said Miller.

"I know how you esteem money here," said Gorman, laughing. "When all else fails you, you fall back upon it."

"Why did I know nothing of these sentiments, young man, before I asked you under my roof?" said Miss Betty in anger.

"You need never to have known them now, aunt, if these gentlemen had not provoked them, nor indeed are they solely mine. I am only telling you what you would hear from any intelligent foreigner, even though he chanced to be a liberal in his own country."

"Ah, yes," sighed the priest: "what the young gentleman says is too true. The Continent is alarmingly infected with such opinions as these."

"Have you talked on politics with young Kearney," asked Miller.

"He has had no opportunity," interposed Miss O'Shea. "My nephew will be three weeks here on Thursday next, and neither Maurice nor his son have called on him."

"Scarcely neighbourlike that, I must say," cried Miller.

"I suspect the fault lies on my side," said Gorman boldly. "When I was little more than a boy, I was never out of that house. The old man treated me like a son. All the more perhaps, as his own son was seldom at home, and the little girl Kitty certainly regarded me as a brother; and though we had our fights and squabbles, we cried very bitterly at parting, and each of us vowed we should never like any one so much again. And

now, after all, here am I three weeks, within two hours' ride of them, and my aunt insists that my dignity requires I should be first called on. Confound such dignity say I, if it lose me the best and the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life."

"I scarcely thought of *your* dignity, Gorman O'Shea," said the old lady, bridding, "though I did bestow some consideration on my own."

"I'm very sorry for it, aunt; and I tell you fairly—and there's no unpoliteness in the confession—that when I asked for my leave, Kilgobbin Castle had its place in my thoughts as well as O'Shea's Barn."

"Why not say it out, young gentleman, and tell me that the real charm of coming here was to be within twelve miles of the Kearneys?"

"The merits of this house are very independent of contiguity," said the priest; and as he eyed the claret in his glass, it was plain that the sentiment was an honest one.

"Fifty-six wine, I should say," said Miller, as he laid down his glass.

"Forty-five, if Mr. Barton be a man of his word," said the old lady, reprovingly.

"Ah," sighed the priest, plaintively, "how rarely one meets these old full-bodied clarets now-a-days. The free admission of French wines has corrupted taste and impaired palate. Our cheap Gladstones have come upon us like universal suffrage."

"The masses, however, benefit," remarked Miller.

"Only in the first moment of acquisition, and in the novelty of the gain," continued Father Luke, "and then they suffer irreparably in the loss of that old guidance, which once directed appreciation when there was something to appreciate."

"We want the priest again in fact," broke in Gorman.

"You must admit they understand wine to perfection, though I would humbly hope, young gentleman," said the Father, modestly, "to engage your good opinion of them on higher grounds."

"Give yourself no trouble in the matter, Father Luke," broke in Miss Betty. "Gorman's Austrian lessons have placed him beyond *your* teaching."

"My dear aunt, you are giving the Imperial Government a credit it never deserved. They taught me as a cadet to groom my horse and pipeclay my uniform, to be respectful to my corporal, and to keep my thumb on the seam of my trousers when the captain's eye was on me; but as to what passed inside my mind, if I had a mind at all, or what I thought of Pope, Kaiser, or Cardinal, they no more cared to know it than the name of my sweetheart."

"What a blessing to that benighted country would be one liberal statesman!" exclaimed Miller: "one man of the mind and capacity of our present Premier!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Gorman. "We have confusion enough, without the reflection of being governed by what you call here 'healing measures,'"

"I should like to discuss that point with you," said Miller.

"Not now, I beg," interposed Miss O'Shea. "Gorman, will you decant another bottle?"

"I believe I ought to protest against more wine," said the priest, in his most insinuating voice; "but there are occasions where the yielding to temptation conveys a moral lesson."

"I suspect that I cultivate my nature a good deal in that fashion," said Gorman, as he opened a fresh bottle.

"This is perfectly delicious," said Miller, as he sipped his glass; "and if I could venture to presume so far, I would ask leave to propose a toast."

"You have my permission, sir," said Miss Betty, with stateliness.

"I drink, then," said he, reverently, "I drink to the long life, the good health, and the unbroken courage of the Holy Father."

There was something peculiarly sly in the twinkle of the priest's black eye as he filled his bumper, and a twitching motion of the corner of his mouth continued even as he said, "To the Pope."

"The Pope," cried Gorman, as he eyed his wine—

"Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt."

"What are you muttering there?" asked his aunt, fiercely.

"The line of an old song, aunt, that tells us how his Holiness has a jolly time of it."

"I fear me it must have been written in other days," said Father Luke.

"There is no intention to desert or abandon him, I assure you," said Miller, addressing him in a low but eager tone. "I could never—no Irishman could—ally himself to an Administration which should sacrifice the Holy See. With the bigotry that prevails in England, the question requires most delicate handling; and even a pledge cannot be given, except in language so vague and unprecise as to admit of many readings."

"Why not bring in a Bill to give him a subsidy, a something per annum, or a round sum down?" cried Gorman.

"Mr. Miller has just shown us that Exeter Hall might become dangerous. English intolerance is not a thing to be rashly aroused."

"If I had to deal with him, I'd do as Bright proposed with your landlords here. I'd buy him out, give him a handsome sum for his interest, and let him go."

"And how would you deal with the Church, sir?" asked the priest.

"I have not thought of that; but I suppose one might put it into commission, as they say, or manage it by a Board, with a First Lord, like the Admiralty."

"I will give you some tea, gentlemen, when you appear in the drawing-room," said Miss Betty, rising with dignity, as though her condescension in sitting so long with the party had been ill rewarded by her nephew's sentiments.

The priest, however, offered his arm, and the others followed as he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN EARLY GALLOP.

MAURICE KEARNEY had risen early, an unusual thing with him of late; but he had some intention of showing his guest Mr. Walpole over the farm after breakfast, and was anxious to give some preliminary orders to have everything "ship-shape" for the inspection.

To make a very disorderly and much-neglected Irish farm assume an air of discipline, regularity, and neatness at a moment's notice, was pretty much such an exploit as it would have been to muster an Indian tribe, and pass them before some Prussian martinet as a regiment of Guards.

To make the ill-fenced and mis-shapen fields seem trim paddocks, wavering and serpentine furrows appear straight and regular lines of tillage, weed-grown fields look marvels of cleanliness and care, while the lounging and ragged population were to be passed off as a thriving and industrious peasantry, well paid and contented, were difficulties that Mr. Kearney did not propose to confront. Indeed, to do him justice, he thought there was a good deal of pedantic and "model-farming humbug" about all that English passion for neatness he had read of in public journals, and as our fathers—better gentlemen, as he called them, and more hospitable fellows than any of us—had got on without steam mowing and threshing, and bone-crushing, he thought we might farm our properties without being either blacksmiths or stokers.

"God help us," he would say. "I suppose we'll be chewing our food by steam one of these days, and filling our stomachs by hydraulic pressure. But for my own part, I like something to work for me that I can swear at when it goes wrong. There's little use in cursing a cylinder."

To have heard him amongst his labourers that morning, it was plain to see that they were not in the category of machinery. On one pretext or another, however, they had slunk away one by one, so that at last he found himself storming alone in a stubble-field, with no other companion than one of Kate's terriers. The sharp barking of this dog aroused him in the midst of his imprecations, and looking over the dry-stone wall that enclosed the field, he saw a horseman coming along at a sharp canter, and taking the fences as they came like a man in a hunting-field. He rode well, and was mounted upon a strong wiry hackney—a cross-bred horse, and of little moneyed value, but one of those active cats of horseflesh that a knowing hand can appreciate. Now, little as Kearney liked the liberty of a man riding over his ditches and his turnips, when out of hunting season, his old love of good horsemanship made him watch the rider with interest and even pleasure. "May I never!" muttered he to himself, "if he's not coming at this wall." And as the enclosure in question was built of large jagged stones, without mortar, and fully four feet in height, the upper course being formed of a sort of coping in which the stones stood edgewise, the attempt did look somewhat rash.

Not taking the wall where it was slightly breached, and where some loose stones had fallen, the rider rode boldly at one of the highest portions, but where the ground was good on either side.

"He knows what he's at!" muttered Kearney, as the horse came bounding over and alighted in perfect safety in the field.

"Well done! whoever you are," cried Kearney, delighted, as the rider removed his hat and turned round to salute him.

"And don't you know me, sir?" asked he.

"Faith I do not," replied Kearney; "but somehow I think I know the chestnut. To be sure I do. There's the old mark on her knee, how ever she found the man who could throw her down. Isn't she Miss O'Shea's Kattoo?"

"That she is, sir, and I'm her nephew."

"Are you?" said Kearney, drily.

The young fellow was so terribly pulled up by the unexpected repulse—more marked even by the look than the words of the other, that he sat unable to utter a syllable. "I had hoped, sir," said he at last, "that I had not outgrown your recollection, as I can promise none of your former kindness to me has outgrown mine."

"But it took you three weeks to recall it, all the same," said Kearney.

"It is true, sir, I am very nearly so long here; but my aunt, whose guest I am, told me I must be called on first; that—I'm sure I can't say for whose benefit it was supposed to be—I should not make the first visit:—in fact, there was some rule about the matter, and that I must not contravene it. And although I yielded with a very bad grace, I was in a measure under orders, and dared not resist."

"She told you, of course, that we were not on our old terms; that there was a coldness between the families, and we had seen nothing of each other lately?"

"Not a word of it, sir."

"Nor of any reason why you should not come here as of old?"

"None, on my honour; beyond this piece of stupid etiquette, I never heard of anything like a reason."

"I am all the better pleased with my old neighbour," said Kearney, in his more genial tone. "Not, indeed, that I ought ever to have distrusted her, but for all that — Well, never mind," muttered he, as though debating the question with himself, and unable to decide it, "you are here now—eh! You are here now."

"You almost make me suspect, sir, that I ought not to be here now."

"At all events, if you were waiting for me you wouldn't be here. Is not that true, young gentleman?"

"Quite true, sir, but not impossible to explain." And he now flung himself to the ground, and with the rein over his arm, came up to Kearney's side. "I suppose, but for an accident, I should have gone on waiting for that visit you had no intention to make me, and canvassing

with myself how long you were taking to make up your mind to call on me, when I heard only last night that some noted rebel—I'll remember his name in a minute or two—was seen in the neighbourhood, and that the police were on his track with a warrant, and even intended to search for him here."

"In my house—in Kilgobbin Castle?"

"Yes, here in your house, where, from a sure information, he had been harboured for some days. This fellow—a head-centre or leader, with a large sum on his head—has, they say, got away; but the hope of finding some papers, some clue to him here, will certainly lead them to search the castle, and I thought I'd come over and apprise you of it at all events, lest the surprise should prove too much for your temper."

"Do they forget I'm in the commission of the peace?" said Kearney, in a voice trembling with passion.

"You know far better than me how far party spirit tempers life in this country, and are better able to say whether some private intention to insult is couched under this attempt."

"That's true," cried the old man, ever ready to regard himself as the object of some secret malevolence. "You cannot remember this rebel's name, can you?"

"It was Daniel something—that's all I know."

A long, fine whistle was Kearney's rejoinder, and after a second or two he said: "I can trust you, Gorman; and I may tell you they may be not so great fools as I took them for. Not that I was harbouring the fellow, mind you; but there came a college friend of Dick's here a few days back—a clever fellow he was, and knew Ireland well—and we called him Mr. Daniel, and it was but yesterday he left us and did not return. I have a notion now he was the head-centre they're looking for."

"Do you know if he has left any baggage or papers behind him?"

"I know nothing about this whatever, nor do I know how far Dick was in his secret."

"You will be cool and collected, I am sure, sir, when they come here with the search-warrant. You'll not give them even the passing triumph of seeing that you are annoyed or offended?"

"That I will, my lad. I'm prepared now, and I'll take them as easy as if it was a morning call. Come in and have your breakfast with us, and say nothing about what we've been talking over."

"Many thanks, sir, but I think—indeed, I feel sure—I ought to go back at once. I have come here without my aunt's knowledge, and now that I have seen you and put you on your guard, I ought to get back as fast as I can."

"So you shall when you feed your beast and take something yourself. Poor old Kattoo isn't used to this sort of cross-country work, and she's panting there badly enough. That mare is twenty-one years of age."

"She's fresh on her legs—not a curb nor a spavin, nor even a wind-gall about her," said the young man.

"And the reward for it all is to be ridden like a steeplechaser!" sighed old Kearney. "Isn't that the world over? Break down early, and you are a good-for-nothing. Carry on your spirit and your pluck and your endurance to a green old age, and maybe they won't take it out of you!—always contrasting you, however, with yourself long ago, and telling the bystanders what a rare beast you were in your good days. Do you think they had dared to pass this insult upon *me* when I was five-and-twenty or thirty? Do you think there's a man in the county would have come on this errand to search Kilgobbin when I was a young man, Mr. O'Shea?"

"I think you can afford to treat it with the contempt you have determined to show it."

"That's all very fine now," said Kearney; "but there was a time I'd rather have chucked the chief constable out of the window and sent the sergeant after him."

"I don't know whether that would have been better," said Gorman, with a faint smile.

"Neither do I; but I know that I myself would have felt better and easier in my mind after it. I'd have eaten my breakfast with a good appetite, and gone about my day's work, whatever it was, with a free heart and fearless in my conscience! Ay, ay," muttered he to himself, "poor old Ireland isn't what it used to be!"

"I'm very sorry, sir, but though I'd like immensely to go back with you, don't you think I ought to return home?"

"I don't think anything of the sort. Your aunt and I had a tiff the last time we met, and that was some months ago. We're both of us old and cross-grained enough to keep up the grudge for the rest of our lives. Let us, then, make the most of the accident that has led you here, and when you go home you shall be the bearer of the most submissive message I can invent to my old friend, and there shall be no terms too humble for me to ask her pardon."

"That's enough, sir. I'll breakfast here."

"Of course you'll say nothing of what brought you over here. But I ought to warn you not to drop anything carelessly about politics in the county generally, for we have a young relative and a private secretary of the Lord Lieutenant's visiting us, and it's as well to be cautious before him."

The old man mentioned this circumstance in the cursory tone of an ordinary remark, but he could not conceal the pride he felt in the rank and condition of his guest. As for Gorman, perhaps it was his foreign breeding, perhaps his ignorance of all home matters generally, but he simply assented to the force of the caution, and paid no other attention to the incident.

"His name is Walpole, and he is related to half the peerage," said the old man, with some irritation of manner.

A mere nod acknowledged the information, and he went on:—

"This was the young fellow who was with Kitty on the night they attacked the castle, and he got both bones of his fore arm smashed with a shot."

"An ugly wound," was the only rejoinder.

"So it was, and for a while they thought he'd lose the arm. Kitty says he behaved beautifully, cool and steady all through."

Another nod, but this time Gorman's lips were firmly compressed.

"There's no denying it," said the old man, with a touch of sadness in his voice—"there's no denying it, the English have courage, though," added he afterwards, "it's in a cold sluggish way of their own, which we don't like here. There he is, now, that young fellow that has just parted from the two girls. The tall one is my niece,—I must present you to her,"

CHAPTER XL.

OLD MEMORIES.

THOUGH both Kate Kearney and young O'Shea had greatly outgrown each other's recollection, there were still traits of feature remaining, and certain tones of voice, by which they were carried back to old times and old associations.

Amongst the strange situations in life, there are few stranger, or, in certain respects, more painful, than the meeting after long absence of those who, when they had parted years before, were on terms of closest intimacy, and who now see each other changed by time, with altered habits and manners, and impressed in a variety of ways with influences and associations which impart their own stamp on character.

It is very difficult at such moments to remember how far we ourselves have changed in the interval, and how much of what we regard as altered in another may not simply be the new standpoint from which we are looking, and thus our friend may be graver, or sadder, or more thoughtful, or, as it may happen, seem less reflective and less considerate than we have thought him, all because the world has been meantime dealing with ourselves in such wise that qualities we once cared for have lost much of their value, and others that we had deemed of slight account have grown into importance with us.

Most of us know the painful disappointment of revisiting scenes which had impressed us strongly in early life : how the mountain we regarded with a wondering admiration had become a mere hill, and the romantic tarn a pool of sluggish water ; and some of this same awakening pursues us in our renewal of old intimacies, and we find ourselves continually warring with our recollections.

Besides this, there is another source of uneasiness that presses unceasingly. It is in imputing every change we discover, or think we discover in our friend, to some unknown influences that have asserted their power

over him in our absence, and thus when we find that our arguments have lost their old force, and our persuasions can be stoutly resisted, we begin to think that some other must have usurped our place, and that there is treason in the heart we had deemed to be loyally our own.

How far Kate and Gorman suffered under these irritations, I do not stop to inquire, but certain it is, that all their renewed intercourse was little other than snappish reminders of unfavourable change in each, and assurances more frank than flattering that they had not improved in the interval.

"How well I know every tree and alley of this old garden!" said he, as they strolled along one of the walks in advance of the others. "Nothing is changed here but the people."

"And do you think we are?" asked she, quietly.

"I should think I do! Not so much for your father, perhaps. I suppose men of his time of life change little, if at all; but you are as ceremonious as if I had been introduced to you this morning."

"You addressed me so deferentially as Miss Kearney, and with such an assuring little intimation that you were not either very certain of *that*, that I should have been very courageous indeed to remind you that I once was Kate."

"No, not Kate—Kitty," rejoined he, quickly.

"Oh, yes, perhaps, when you were young, but we grew out of that."

"Did we? And when?"

"When we gave up climbing cherry-trees, and ceased to pull each other's hair when we were angry."

"Oh dear!" said he, drearily, as his head sunk heavily.

"You seem to sigh over those blissful times, Mr. O'Shea," said she, "as if they were terribly to be regretted."

"So they are. So I feel them."

"I never knew before that quarrelling left such pleasant associations."

"My memory is good enough to remember times when we were not quarrelling—when I used to think you were nearer an angel than a human creature—ay, when I have had the boldness to tell you so."

"You don't mean *that*?"

"I do mean it, and I should like to know why I should not mean it?"

"For a great many reasons—one amongst the number, that it would have been highly indiscreet to turn a poor child's head with a stupid flattery."

"But were you a child? If I'm right, you were not very far from fifteen at the time I speak of."

"How shocking that you should remember a young lady's age!"

"That is not the point at all," said he, as though she had been endeavouring to introduce another issue.

"And what is the point, pray?" asked she, haughtily.

"Well, it is this—how many have uttered what you call stupid flatteries since that time, and how have they been taken?"

"Is this a question?" asked she. "I mean a question seeking to be answered?"

"I hope so."

"Assuredly, then, Mr. O'Shea, however time has been dealing with *me*, it has contrived to take marvellous liberties with *you* since we met. Do you not know, sir, that this is a speech you would not have uttered long ago for worlds?"

"If I have forgotten myself as well as you," said he, with deep humility, "I very humbly crave pardon. Not but there were days," added he, "when my mistake, if I made one, would have been forgiven without my asking."

"There's a slight touch of presumption, sir, in telling me what a wonderful person I used to think you long ago."

"So you did," cried he, eagerly. "In return for the homage I laid at your feet—as honest an adoration as ever a heart beat with, you condescended to let me build my ambitions before you, and I must own you made the edifice very dear to me."

"To be sure, I do remember it all, and I used to play or sing, 'Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter,' and take your word that you were going to be a Lancer—

In file arrayed,
With helm and blade,
And plume in the gay wind dancing.

I'm certain my cousin would be charmed to see you in all your bravery."

"Your cousin will not speak to me for being an Austrian."

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes; she said it at breakfast."

"That denunciation does not sound very dangerously; is it not worth your while to struggle against a misconception?"

"I have had such luck in my present attempt as should scarcely raise my courage."

"You are too ingenious by far for me, Mr. O'Shea," said she, carelessly. "I neither remember so well as you, nor have I that nice subtlety in detecting all the lapses each of us has made, since long ago. Try, however, if you cannot get on better with Mdlle. Kostalergi, where there are no antecedents to disturb you."

"I will; that is, if she let me."

"I trust she may, and not the less willingly, perhaps, as she evidently will not speak to Mr. Walpole."

"Ah, indeed, and is *he* here?" he stopped and hesitated; and the full, bold look she gave him did not lessen his embarrassment.

"Well, sir," asked she, "go on: is this another reminiscence?"

"No, Miss Kearney; I was only thinking of asking you who this Mr. Walpole was."

"Mr. Cecil Walpole is a nephew or a something to the Lord Lieutenant, whose private secretary he is. He is very clever, very amusing—sings, draws, rides, and laughs at the Irish to perfection. I hope you mean to like him."

"Do you?"

"Of course, or I should not have bespoken your sympathy. My cousin used to like him, but somehow he has fallen out of favour with her."

"Was he absent some time?" asked he, with a half-cunning manner.

"Yes, I believe there was something of that in it. He was not here for a considerable time, and when we saw him again, we almost owned we were disappointed. Papa is calling me from the window, pray excuse me for a moment." She left him as she spoke, and ran rapidly back to the house, whence she returned almost immediately. "It was to ask you to stop and dine here, Mr. O'Shea," said she. "There will be ample time to send back to Miss O'Shea, and if you care to have your dinner-dress, they can send it."

"This is Mr. Kearney's invitation?" asked he.

"Of course; papa is the master at Kilgobbin."

"But will Miss Kearney condescend to say that it is hers also?"

"Certainly, though I'm not aware what solemnity the engagement gains by my co-operation."

"I accept at once, and if you allow me, I'll go back and send a line to my aunt to say so."

"Don't you remember Mr. O'Shea, Dick?" asked she, as her brother lounged up, making his first appearance that day.

"I'd never have known you," said he, surveying him from head to foot, without, however, any mark of cordiality in the recognition.

"All find me a good deal changed!" said the young fellow, drawing himself to his full height, and with an air that seemed to say—"and none the worse for it."

"I used to fancy I was more than your match," rejoined Dick, smiling. "I suspect it's a mistake I'm little likely to incur again."

"Don't, Dick, for he has got a very ugly way of ridding people of their illusions," said Kate, as she turned once more and walked rapidly towards the house.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

THERE were a number of bolder achievements Gorman O'Shea would have dared rather than write a note; nor were the cares of the composition the only difficulties of the undertaking. He knew of but one style of correspondence—the report to his commanding officer, and in this he was

aided by a formula to be filled up. It was not, then, till after several efforts, he succeeded in the following familiar epistle :—

“DEAR AUNT,—

“Kilgobbin Castle.

“Don't blow up or make a rumpus, but if I had not taken the mare and come over here this morning, the rascally police with their search-warrant might have been down upon Mr. Kearney without a warning. They were all stiff and cold enough at first: they are nothing to brag of in the way of cordiality even yet—Dick especially—but they have asked me to stay and dine, and I take it, it is the right thing to do. Send me over some things to dress with—and believe me

“Your affectionate nephew,

“G. O'SHEA.

“I send the mare back, and shall walk home to-morrow morning.

“There's a great Castle swell here, a Mr. Walpole, but I have not made his acquaintance yet, and can tell nothing about him.”

Towards a late hour of the afternoon a messenger arrived with an ass-cart and several trunks from O'Shea's Barn, and with the following note :—

“DEAR NEPHEW GORMAN,—

“O'SHEA'S BARN is not an inn, nor are the horses there at public livery. So much for your information. As you seem fond of ‘warnings,’ let me give you one, which is, To mind your own affairs in preference to the interests of other people. The family at Kilgobbin are perfectly welcome—so far as I am concerned—to the fascinations of your society at dinner to-day, at breakfast to-morrow, and so on, with such regularity and order as the meals succeed. To which end, I have now sent you all the luggage belonging to you here.

“I am very respectfully, your aunt,

“ELIZABETH O'SHEA.”

The quaint, old-fashioned, rugged writing was marked throughout by a certain distinctness and accuracy that betoken care and attention; there was no evidence whatever of haste or passion, and this expression of a serious determination, duly weighed and resolved on, made itself very painfully felt by the young man as he read.

“I am turned out—in plain words, turned out!” said he aloud, as he sat with the letter spread out before him. “It must have been no common quarrel—not a mere coldness between the families—when she resents my coming here in this fashion.” That innumerable differences could separate neighbours in Ireland, even persons with the same interests and the same religion, he well knew, and he solaced himself to think how he could get at the source of this disagreement, and what chance there might be of a reconciliation.

Of one thing he felt certain. Whether his aunt were right or wrong, whether tyrant or victim, he knew in his heart all the submission must come from the others. He had only to remember a few of the occasions in life in which he had to entreat his aunt's forgiveness for the injustice she had herself inflicted, to anticipate what humble pie Maurice Kearney must partake of in order to conciliate Miss Betty's favour.

"Meanwhile," he thought, and not only thought, but said too—"Meanwhile, I am on the world."

Up to this, she had allowed him a small yearly income. Father Luke, whose judgment on all things relating to Continental life, was unimpeachable, had told her that anything like the reputation of being well off or connected with wealthy people would lead a young man into ruin in the Austrian service; that with a sum of 3,000 francs per annum,—about 120*l.*,—he would be in possession of something like the double of his pay, or rather more, and that with this he would be enabled to have all the necessaries and many of the comforts of his station, and still not be a mark for that high play and reckless style of living that certain young Hungarians of family and large fortune affected; and so far the priest was correct, for the young Gorman was wasteful and extravagant from disposition, and his quarter's allowance disappeared almost when it came. His money out, he fell back at once to the penurious habits of the poorest subaltern about him, and lived on his florin-and-half per diem till his resources came round again. He hoped—of course he hoped—that this momentary fit of temper would not extend to stopping his allowance.

"She knows as well as any one," muttered he, "that though the baker's son from Prague, or the Amtmann's nephew from a Bavarian Dorf, may manage to 'come through' with his pay, the young Englishman cannot. I can neither piece my own overalls, nor forswear stockings, nor can I persuade my stomach that it has had a full meal by tightening my girth-strap three or four holes.

"I'd go down to the ranks to-morrow rather than live that life of struggle and contrivance, that reduces a man to playing a dreary game with himself, by which, while he feeds like a pauper, he has to fancy he felt like a gentleman. No, no, I'll none of this. Scores of better men have served in the ranks. I'll just change my regiment. By a lucky chance, I don't know a man in the Walmoden Cuirassiers. I'll join them, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

There is a class of men who go through life building very small castles, and are no more discouraged by the frailty of the architecture than is a child with his toy-house. This was Gorman's case; and now that he had found a solution of his difficulties in the Walmoden Cuirassiers, he really dressed for dinner in very tolerable spirits. "It's droll enough," thought he, "to go down to dine amongst all these 'swells,' and to think that the fellow behind my chair is better off than myself." The very uncertainty of his fate supplied excitement to his spirits, for it is amongst the privileges of the young that mere flurry can be pleasureable.

When Gorman reached the drawing-room, he found only one person. This was a young man in a shooting-coat, who, deep in the recess of a comfortable arm-chair, sat with *The Times* at his feet, and to all appearance as if half dozing.

He looked around, however, as young O'Shea came forward, and said carelessly, "I suppose it's time to go and dress—if I could."

O'Shea making no reply, the other added, "That is, if I have not overslept dinner altogether."

"I hope not, sincerely," rejoined the other, "or I shall be a partner in the misfortune."

"Ah, you're the Austrian," said Walpole, as he stuck his glass in his eye and surveyed him.

"Yes; and you are the private secretary of the Governor."

"Only we don't call him Governor. We say Viceroy here."

"With all my heart, Viceroy be it."

There was a pause now—each, as it were, standing on his guard to resent any liberty of the other. At last Walpole said, "I don't think you were in the house when that stupid stipendiary fellow called here this morning?"

"No; I was strolling across the fields. He came with the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, he came on the track of some Fenian leader—a droll thought enough anywhere out of Ireland, to search for a rebel under a magistrate's roof; not but there was something still more Irish in the incident."

"How was that?" asked O'Shea, eagerly.

"I chanced to be out walking with the ladies when the escort came, and as they failed to find the man they were after, they proceeded to make diligent search for his papers and letters. That taste for practical joking that seems an instinct in this country, suggested to Mr. Kearney to direct the fellows to my room, and what do you think they have done? Carried off bodily all my baggage, and left me with nothing but the clothes I'm wearing!"

"What a lark!" cried O'Shea, laughing.

"Yes, I take it that is the national way to look at these things; but that passion for absurdity and for ludicrous situations has not the same hold on us English."

"I know that. You are too well off to be droll."

"Not exactly that; but when we want to laugh we go to the 'Adelphi.'"

"Heaven help you if you have to pay people to make fun for you!"

Before Walpole could make rejoinder, the door opened to admit the ladies, closely followed by Mr. Kearney and Dick.

"Not mine the fault if I disgrace your dinner-table by such a costume as this," cried Walpole.

"I'd have given twenty pounds if they'd have carried off yourself as the rebel!" said the old man, shaking with laughter. "But there's the soup on the table. Take my niece, Mr. Walpole; Gorman, give your arm to my daughter. Dick and I will bring up the rear."

CHAPTER XLII.

AN EVENING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE fatalism of youth, unlike that of age, is all rose-coloured. That which is coming, and is decreed to come, cannot be very disagreeable. This is the theory of the young, and differs terribly from the experiences of after-life. Gorman O'Shea had gone to dinner with about as heavy a misfortune as could well befall him, so far as his future in life was concerned. All he looked forward to and hoped for was lost to him: the aunt who, for so many years, had stood to him in place of all family, had suddenly thrown him off, and declared that she would see him no more; the allowance she had hitherto given him withdrawn, it was impossible he could continue to hold his place in his regiment. Should he determine not to return, it was desertion—should he go back, it must be to declare that he was a ruined man, and could only serve in the ranks. These were the thoughts he revolved while he dressed for dinner, and dressed, let it be owned, with peculiar care; but when the task had been accomplished, and he descended to the drawing-room, such was the elasticity of his young temperament, every thought of coming evil was merged in the sense of present enjoyment, and the merry laughter which he overheard as he opened the door, obliterated all notion that life had anything before him except what was agreeable and pleasant.

"We want to know if you play croquet, Mr. O'Shea?" said Nina as he entered. "And we want also to know, are you a captain, or a drill-master, or a major? You can scarcely be a colonel."

"Your last guess I answer first. I am only a lieutenant, and even that very lately. As to croquet, if it be not your foreign mode of pronouncing cricket I never even saw it."

"It is not my foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, Herr Lieutenant," said she pertly, "but I guessed already you had never heard of it."

"It is an out-of-door affair," said Dick indolently, "made for the diffusion of worked petticoats and Balmoral boots."

"I should say it is the game of billiards brought down to universal suffrage and the million," lisped out Walpole.

"Faith," cried old Kearney, "I'd say it was just football with a stick."

"At all events," said Kate, "we purpose to have a grand match to-morrow. Mr. Walpole and I are against Nina and Dick, and we are to draw lots for you, Mr. O'Shea."

"My position, if I understand it aright, is not a flattering one," said he, laughing.

"We'll take him," cried Nina at once. "I'll give him a private lesson in the morning, and I'll answer for his performance. These creatures," added she in a whisper, "are so drilled in Austria, you can teach them anything."

Now, as the words were spoken Gorman caught them, and drawing close to her,—“I do hope I'll justify that flattering opinion.” But her only recognition was a look of half-defiant astonishment at his boldness.

A very noisy discussion now ensued as to whether croquet was worthy to be called a game or not, and what were its laws and rules—points which Gorman followed with due attention, but very little profit; all Kate's good sense and clearness being cruelly dashed by Nina's ingenious interruptions, and Walpole's attempts to be smart and witty, even where opportunity scarcely offered the chance.

"Next to looking on at the game," cried old Kearney at last, "the most tiresome thing I know of is to hear it talked over. Come, Nina, and give me a song."

"What shall it be, uncle?" said she, as she opened the piano.

"Something Irish I'd say, if I were to choose for myself. We've plenty of old tunes, Mr. Walpole," said Kearney, turning to that gentleman, "that rebellion, as you call it, has never got hold of. There's 'Cushla Macree' and the 'Cailan deas cruidhte na Mbo.'"

"Very like hard swearing that," said Walpole to Nina; but his simper and his soft accent were only met by a cold blank look, as though she had not understood his liberty in addressing her. Indeed, in her distant manner, and even repelling coldness, there was what might have disconcerted any composure less consummate than his own. It was, however, evidently Walpole's aim to assume that she felt her relation towards him, and not altogether without some cause: while she, on her part, desired to repel the insinuation by a show of utter indifference. She would willingly, in this contingency, have encouraged her cousin, Dick Kearney, and even led him on to little displays of attention; but Dick held aloof, as though not knowing the meaning of this favourable turn towards him. He would not be cheated by coquetry. How many men are of this temper, and who never understand that it is by surrendering ourselves to numberless little voluntary deceptions of this sort, we arrive at intimacies the most real and most truthful.

She next tried Gorman, and here her success was complete. All those womanly prettinesses, which are so many modes of displaying graceful attraction of voice, look, gesture, or attitude, were especially dear to him. Not only they gave beauty its chief charm, but they constituted a sort of game, whose address was quickness of eye, readiness of perception, prompt reply, and that refined tact that can follow out one thought in a conversation just as you follow a melody through a mass of variations.

Perhaps the young soldier did not yield himself the less readily to these captivations that Kate Kearney's manner towards him was studiously cold and ceremonious.

"The other girl is more like the old friend," muttered he, as he chatted on with her about Rome, and Florence, and Venice, imperceptibly gliding into the language which the names of places suggested.

"If any had told me that I ever could have talked thus freely and openly with an Austrian soldier I'd not have believed him," said she at length, "for all my sympathies in Italy were with the National party."

"But we were not 'the Barbari' in your recollection, Mademoiselle," said he. "We were out of Italy before you could have any feeling for either party."

"The tradition of all your cruelties has survived you; and I am sure if you were wearing your white coat still, I'd hate you."

"You are giving me another reason to ask for a longer leave of absence," said he, bowing courteously.

"And this leave of yours—how long does it last?"

"I am afraid to own to myself. Wednesday fortnight is the end of it; that is, it gives me four days after that to reach Vienna."

"And, presenting yourself in humble guise before your Colonel to say, 'Ich melde mich gehorsamst.'"

"Not exactly that—but something like it."

"I'll be the Herr Oberst Lieutenant," said she, laughing; "so come forward now and clap your heels together, and let us hear how you utter your few syllables in true abject fashion. I'll sit here, and receive you." As she spoke, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and assuming a look of intense hauteur and defiance, affected to stroke an imaginary moustache with one hand, while with the other she waved a haughty gesture of welcome.

"I have outstayed my leave," muttered Gorman, in a tremulous tone. "I hope my Colonel, with that bland mercy which characterizes him, will forgive my fault, and let me ask his pardon." And with this, he knelt down on one knee before her, and kissed her hand.

"What liberties are these, sir?" cried she, so angrily, that it was not easy to say whether the anger was not real.

"It is the latest rule introduced into our service," said he, with mock humility.

"Is that a comedy they are acting yonder," said Walpole, "or is it a proverb?"

"Whatever the drama," replied Kate, coldly, "I don't think they want a public."

"You may go back to your duty, Herr Lieutenant," said Nina, proudly, and with a significant glance towards Kate. "Indeed, I suspect you have been rather neglecting it of late." And with this she sailed majestically away towards the end of the room.

"I wish I could provoke even that much of jealousy from the other," muttered Gorman to himself, as he bit his lip in passion. And certainly

if a look and manner of calm unconcern meant anything, there was little that seemed less likely.

"I am glad you are going to the piano, Nina," said Kate. "Mr. Walpole has been asking me by what artifice you could be induced to sing something of Mendelssohn."

"I am going to sing an Irish ballad for that Austrian patriot, who like his national poet, thinks 'Ireland a beautiful country to live out of.'" Though a haughty toss of her head accompanied these words, there was a glance in her eye towards Gorman that plainly invited a renewal of their half flirting hostilities.

"When I left it, *you* had not been here," said he, with an obsequious tone, and an air of deference only too marked in its courtesy.

A slight, very faint blush on her cheek showed that she rather resented than accepted the flattery, but she appeared to be occupied in looking through the music-books and made no rejoinder.

"We want Mendelssohn, Nina," said Kate.

"Or at least Spohr," added Walpole.

"I never accept dictation about what I sing," muttered Nina, only loud enough to be overheard by Gorman. "People don't tell you what theme you are to talk on; they don't presume to say, 'Be serious or be witty.' They don't tell you to come to the aid of their sluggish natures by passion, or to dispel their dreariness by flights of fancy; and why are they to dare all this to *us* who speak through song?"

"Just because you alone can do these things," said Gorman, in the same low voice as she had spoken in.

"Can I help you in your search, dearest?" said Kate, coming over to the piano.

"Might I hope to be of use?" asked Walpole.

"Mr. O'Shea wants me to sing something for *him*," said Nina, coldly.

"What is it to be?" asked she of Gorman.

With the readiness of one who could respond to any sudden call upon his tact, Gorman at once took up a piece of music from the mass before him, and said "Here is what I've been searching for." It was a little Neapolitan ballad, of no peculiar beauty, but one of those simple melodies in which the rapid transition from deep feeling to a wild, almost reckless gaiety imparts all the character.

"Yes, I'll sing that," said Nina; and almost in the same breath the notes came floating through the air, slow and sad at first, as though labouring under some heavy sorrow; the very syllables faltered on her lips like a grief struggling for utterance—when, just as a thrilling cadence died slowly away, she burst forth into the wildest and merriest strain, something so impetuous in gaiety, that the singer seemed to lose all control of expression, and floated away in sound with every caprice of enraptured imagination. When in the very whirlwind of this impetuous gladness, as though a memory of a terrible sorrow had suddenly crossed her, she ceased; then, in tones of actual agony, her voice rose to a cry of

such utter misery as despair alone could utter. The sounds died slowly away, as though lingeringly. Two bold chords followed, and she was silent.

None spoke in the room. Was this real passion, or was it the mere exhibition of an accomplished artist, who could call up expression at will as easily as a painter could heighten colour? Kate Kearney evidently believed the former, as her heaving chest and her tremulous lip betrayed, while the cold, simpering smile on Walpole's face, and the "brava, bravissima" in which he broke the silence, vouched how he had interpreted that show of emotion.

"If that is singing, I wonder what is crying," cried old Kearney, while he wiped his eyes, very angry at his own weakness. "And now will any one tell me what it was all about?"

"A young girl, sir," replied Gorman, "who, by a great effort, has rallied herself to dispel her sorrow and be merry, suddenly remembers that her sweetheart may not love her, and the more she dwells on the thought, the more firmly she believes it. That was the cry, 'He never loved me,' that went to all our hearts."

"Faith, then, if Nina has to say that," said the old man, "heaven help the others."

"Indeed, uncle, you are more gallant than all these young gentlemen," said Nina, rising and approaching him.

"Why they are not all at your feet this moment is more than I can tell. They're always telling me the world is changed, and I begin to see it now."

"I suspect, sir, it's pretty much what it used to be," lisped out Walpole. "We are only less demonstrative than our fathers."

"Just as I am less extravagant than mine," cried Kilgobbin, "because I have not got it to spend."

"I hope Mdlle. Nina judges us more mercifully," said Walpole.

"Is that song a favourite of yours?" asked she of Gorman, without noticing Walpole's remark in any way.

"No," said he, bluntly; "it makes me feel like a fool, and, I am afraid, look like one, too, when I hear it."

"I'm glad there's even that much blood in you," cried old Kearney, who had caught the words. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! England need never be afraid of the young generation."

"That seems to be a very painful thought to you, sir," said Walpole.

"And so it is," replied he. "The lower we bend, the more you'll lay on us. It was your language, and what you call your civilization broke us down first, and the little spirit that fought against either is fast dying out of us."

"Do you want Mr. Walpole to become a Fenian, papa?" asked Kate.

"You see, they took him for one to-day," broke in Dick, "when they came and carried off all his luggage."

"By the way," interposed Walpole, "we must take care that that stupid blunder does not get into the local papers, or we shall have it circulated by the London press."

"I have already thought of that," said Dick, "and I shall go into Moate to-morrow and see about it."

"Does that mean to say that you desert croquet?" said Nina, imperiously.

"You have got Lieutenant O'Shea in my place, and a better player than me already."

"I fear I must take my leave to-morrow," said Gorman, with a touch of real sorrow, for in secret he knew not whither he was going.

"Would your aunt not spare you to us for a few days?" said the old man. "I am in no favour with her just now, but she would scarcely refuse what we would all deem a great favour!"

"My aunt would not think the sacrifice too much for her," said Gorman, trying to laugh at the conceit.

"You shall stay," murmured Nina, in a tone only audible to him; and by a slight bow he acknowledged the words as a command.

"I believe my best way," said Gorman, gaily, "will be to outstay my leave, and take my punishment, whatever it be, when I go back again."

"That is military morality," said Walpole, in a half-whisper to Kate, but to be overheard by Nina. "We poor civilians don't understand how to keep a debtor and creditor account with conscience."

"Could you manage to provoke that man to quarrel with you?" said Nina, secretly to Gorman, while her eyes glanced towards Walpole.

"I think I might; but what then? *He* wouldn't fight, and the rest of England would shun me."

"That is true," said she, slowly. "When any is injured here, he tries to make money out of it. I don't suppose you want money?"

"Not earned in that fashion, certainly. But I think they are saying good-night."

"They're always boasting about the man that found out the safety-lamp," said old Kearney, as he moved away; "but give me the fellow that invented a flat-candlestick!"

Literature and Dogma.

PART I.

MR. DISRAELI, treating Hellenic things with the scornful negligence natural to a Hebrew, said the other day, in a well-known book, that our aristocratic class, the polite flower of the nation, were truly Hellenic in this respect among others, that they cared nothing for letters and never read. Now there seems to be here some inaccuracy, if we take our standard of what is Hellenic from Hellas at its highest pitch of development; for the latest historian of Greece, Dr. Curtius, tells us that in the Athens of Pericles "reading was universally diffused," and again, that "what more than anything distinguishes the Greeks from the barbarians of ancient and modern times, is the idea of a culture comprehending body and soul in an equal measure." And we have ourselves called our aristocratic class *barbarians*, which is the contrary of Hellenes, from this very reason: because, with all their fine, fresh appearance, their open-air life, and their love for field-sports, for reading and thinking they have in general no turn. But no doubt Mr. Disraeli was thinking of the original Hellenes of north-western Greece, from among whom the Dorians of Peloponnesus originally came, but who themselves remained in their old seats and did not migrate and develop like their more famous brethren; and of these primitive Hellenes, of Greeks like the Thesprotians and Molossians, it is probably a very just account to give, that they lived in the open air, loved field-sports, and never read. And, explained in this way, Mr. Disraeli's parallel of our aristocratic class with what he somewhat misleadingly calls the old Hellenic race, appears ingenious and sound; to the Molossian Greeks, the Greeks untouched by the development which contra-distinguishes the Hellene from the barbarian, our aristocratic class, as he exhibits it, has a strong resemblance. At any rate, this class, which from its great possessions, its beauty and attractiveness, the admiration felt for it by the Philistines or middle-class, its actual power in the nation, and the still more considerable destinies to which its politeness, in Mr. Carlyle's opinion, entitles it, cannot but attract our notice pre-eminently, shows at present a great and genuine disregard for letters.

And perhaps, if there is any other body of men which strikes one, even after looking at our aristocratic class, as being in the sunshine, as exercising great attraction, as admired by the Philistines or middle-class, and as having before it a future still more brilliant than its present, it is the friends of physical science. Now, their revolt against the tyranny of letters is notorious; to deprive letters of the too great place they have hitherto

filled in men's estimation, and to substitute other studies for these, is the object of a sort of crusade with a body of people important in itself, but still more important because of the gifted leaders who march at its head.

Religion has always hitherto been a great power in England, and on this account, perhaps, whatever humiliations may be in store for religion in the future, the friends of physical science will not object to our saying, that, after them and the aristocracy, the leaders of the religious world fill a prominent place in the public eye even now, and one cannot help noticing what their opinions and likings are. And it is curious how the feeling of the chief people in the religious world, too, seems to be just now against mere letters, which they slight as the vague and inexact instrument of shallow essayists and magazine-writers, and in favour of dogma, of a scientific and exact presentment of religious things, instead of a literary presentment of them. The distinguished Chancellor of the University of Oxford told us on a public occasion lately, that "religion is no more to be severed from dogma than light from the sun." Every one remembers the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester making in Convocation the other day their remarkable effort "to do something," as they said, "for the honour of Our Lord's Godhead," and to mark their sense of "that infinite separation for time and for eternity which is involved in rejecting the Godhead of the Eternal Son." In the same way, "to no teaching," says one champion of dogma, "can the appellation of Christian be truly given which does not involve the idea of a Personal God;" another lays like stress on correct ideas about the Personality of the Holy Ghost; "Our Lord unquestionably," says a third, "annexes eternal life to a right knowledge of the Godhead,"—that is, to a right speculative, dogmatic knowledge of it; a fourth appeals to history and human nature for proof that "an undogmatic church can no more satisfy the hunger of the soul than a snowball, painted to look like fruit, would stay the hunger of the stomach." And all these friends of theological science are, like the friends of physical science, though from another cause, severe upon letters. Attempts made at a literary treatment of religious history and ideas they call a "subverting of the faith once delivered to the saints;" those who make them they speak of as "those who have made shipwreck of the faith;" and when they describe the "progress of infidelity," which more and more, according to their account, "denies God, rejects Christ, and lets loose every human passion," though they have the audaciousness of physical science most in their eye, yet they have a direct aim, too, at the looseness and dangerous temerity of letters.

Keeping in view the scriptural precedent of the young man who had great possessions, to work a change of mind in our aristocratic class we never make any pretension; but to the friends of physical science and to the friends of dogma we feel emboldened, after giving our best consideration to the matter, to say a few words on behalf of letters, and in deprecation of the slight which, on different grounds, they both put upon them. And this we propose to do in three or four attempts, attempts which, perhaps, if

they were novels and we were Mr. Disraeli, we should call a trilogy or tetralogy; but which, they and we being what we are, we shall call simply three or four essays, one of them (which we shall have to divide into two parts) dealing with literature as it regards dogma; another with literature as it regards physics; a third with literature as it regards science generally. And we shall take leave, in spite of modern fashions, still to treat theology with so much respect as to give her the first place, and shall begin with *literature and dogma*.

It is clear that dogmatists love religion;—for else why do they occupy themselves with it so much, and make it, most of them, the business, even the professional business, of their lives?—and clearly religion seeks man's salvation. How distressing, therefore, must it be to them, to think that salvation is unquestionably annexed to a right knowledge of the Godhead, and that a right knowledge of the Godhead depends upon reasoning, for which so many people have not much aptitude, and upon reasoning from ideas, or terms, such as substance, identity, causation, design, about which there is endless disagreement! It is true, a right knowledge of geometry also depends upon reasoning, and many people never get it; but then, in the first place, salvation is not annexed to a right knowledge of geometry; and, in the second, the ideas, or terms, such as *point, line, angle*, from which we reason in geometry, are terms about which there is no ambiguity or disagreement. But as to the demonstrations and terms of theology we cannot comfort ourselves in this manner. How must this thought mar the Archbishop of York's enjoyment of such a solemnity as that in which, to uphold and renovate religion, he lectured lately to Lord Harrowby, Dean Payne Smith, and other kindred souls, upon the theory of causation! And what a consolation to us, who are so perpetually being taunted with our known inaptitude for abstruse reasoning, if we can find that for this great concern of religion, at any rate, abstruse reasoning does not seem to be the appointed help, and that as good or better a help,—for, indeed, there can hardly, to judge by the present state of things, be a worse,—may be something which is in an ordinary man's power.

For the good of letters is, that they require no extraordinary acuteness, such as is required to handle the theory of causation like the Archbishop of York, or the doctrine of the Godhead of the Eternal Son like the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester; the good of letters may be had without skill in arguing, or that formidable logical apparatus, not unlike a guillotine, which Professor Huxley speaks of somewhere as the young man's best companion;—and so it *would* be, no doubt, if all wisdom were come at by hard reasoning; in that case, all who could not manage this apparatus (and only a few picked craftsmen can manage it) would be in a pitiable condition. But the valuable thing in letters,—that is, in the acquainting oneself with the best which has been known and said in the world,—is, as we have often said, the judgment which forms itself insensibly in a fair mind along with fresh knowledge; and this judgment

any one with a fair mind, who will but trouble himself to try and make acquaintance with the best which has been known and said in the world, may attain to. It comes almost of itself, and what it displaces it displaces easily and naturally, and without any turmoil of controversial reasonings. The thing comes to look differently to us as we look at it by the light of fresh knowledge; we are not beaten from our old opinion by logic, we are not driven off our ground,—our ground itself changes with us. Far more of our mistakes come from want of fresh knowledge than from want of correct reasoning; and, therefore, letters meet a greater want in us than does logic. The idea of a triangle is a definite and ascertained thing, and to deduce the properties of a triangle from it is an affair of reasoning. There are heads unapt for this sort of work, and some of the blundering to be found in the world is from this cause. But how far more of the blundering to be found in the world comes from people fancying that an idea is a definite and ascertained thing, like the idea of a triangle, when it is not, and proceeding to deduce properties from it, and to do battle about them, when their first start was a mistake! And how liable are people with a talent for hard, abstruse reasoning, to be tempted to this mistake! And what can clear up such a mistake except a wide and familiar acquaintance with the human spirit and its productions, showing how ideas and terms arose, and what is their character? and this is letters and history, not logic. So that minds with small aptitude for abstruse reasoning may yet, through letters, gain some hold on sound judgment and useful knowledge, and may even clear up blunders committed, out of their very excess of talent, by the athletes of logic.

We have said elsewhere how much it has contributed to the misunderstanding of St. Paul, that terms like *grace*, *new birth*, *justification*,—which he used in a fluid and passing way, as men use terms in common discourse, or in eloquence and poetry, to describe approximately, but only approximately, what they have present before their mind but do not profess that their mind does or can grasp exactly or adequately,—that such terms people have blunderingly taken in a fixed and rigid manner, as if they were symbols with as definite and fully grasped a meaning as the names *line* or *angle*, and proceeded to use them on this supposition; terms, in short, which with St. Paul are *literary* terms, theologians have employed as if they were *scientific* terms. But if one desires to deal with this mistake thoroughly, one must observe it in that supreme term with which religion is filled,—the term *God*. The seemingly incurable ambiguity in the mode of employing this word is the root of all our religious differences and difficulties. People use it as if it stood for a perfectly definite and ascertained idea, from which we might, without more ado, extract propositions and draw inferences, just as we should from any other definite and ascertained idea. For instance, I open a book which controverts what its author thinks dangerous views about religion, and I read: "Our sense of morality tells us so-and-so; our sense of God, on the other hand, tells us so-and-so." And again, "the impulse in man to

seek God" is distinguished, as if the distinction were self-evident and explained itself, from "the impulse in man to seek his highest perfection." Now, *morality* represents for everybody a thoroughly definite and ascertained idea,—the idea of human conduct regulated in a certain manner. Everybody, again, understands distinctly enough what is meant by man's perfection,—his reaching the best which his powers and circumstances allow him to reach. And the word God is used, in connection with both these words, Morality and Perfection, as if it stood for just as definite and ascertained an idea as they do; an idea drawn from experience, just as the ideas are which they stand for; an idea about which every one was agreed, and from which we might proceed to argue and to make inferences with the certainty that, as in the case of morality and perfection, the basis on which we were going every one knew and granted. But in truth, the word God is used in most cases,—not by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, but by mankind in general,—as by no means a term of science or exact knowledge, but a term of poetry and eloquence, a term *thrown out*, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness,—a literary term in short; and they mean different things by it as their consciousness differs. The first question is, how people are using the word, whether in this literary way, or in the scientific way of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester; the second question is, what, supposing them to use the term as one of poetry and eloquence, and to import into it, therefore, a great deal of their own individual feelings and character, is yet the common substratum of idea on which, in using it, they all rest; for this will then be, so far as they are concerned, the scientific sense of the word, the sense in which we can use it for purposes of argument and inference without ambiguity. Is this substratum, at any rate, coincident with the scientific idea of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, will then be the question. Strictly and formally the word God, we now learn from the philologists, means, like its kindred Aryan words *Theos*, *Deus*, and *Deva*, simply *brilliant*; in a certain narrow way, therefore, this is the one exact and scientific sense of the word. It was long thought to mean *good*, and so Luther took it to mean the *best that man knows or can know*; and in this sense, as a matter of fact and history, mankind constantly use the word. But then there is the scientific sense held by theologians, deduced from the ideas of substance, identity, causation, design, and so on, but taught, they say, or at least implied in the Bible, and on which all the Bible rests. According to this scientific sense of theology God is a person, the great first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe; Jesus Christ consubstantial with him; and the Holy Ghost a person proceeding from the other two. This is the sense for which, or for portions of which, the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are so zealous to do something. Other people, who fail to perceive the force of the deduction from the abstract ideas above mentioned, who indeed think it quite hollow, but who are told that this sense is in the Bible, and that they must receive it if they receive the

Bible, conclude that in that case they had better receive neither the one nor the other. Something of this sort it was, no doubt, which made Professor Huxley tell the London School Board lately, that "if these islands had no religion at all, it would not enter into his mind to introduce the religious idea by the agency of the Bible." Of such people there are now a good many; and indeed there could hardly, for those who value the Bible, be a greater example of the sacrifices one is sometimes called upon to make for the truth, than to find that for the truth as held by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, if it is the truth, one must sacrifice the allegiance of so many people to the Bible.

✓ But surely, if there be anything with which metaphysics have nothing to do, and where a plain man, without skill to walk in the arduous paths of abstruse reasoning, may yet find himself at home, it is religion. For the object of religion is *conduct*; and conduct is really, however men may overlay it with philosophical disquisitions, the simplest thing in the world. That is to say, it is the simplest thing in the world as far as *understanding* is concerned; as regards *doing*, it is the hardest thing in the world. Here is the difficulty,—to *do* what we very well know ought to be done; and instead of facing this, men have searched out another with which they occupy themselves by preference,—the origin of what is called the moral sense, the genesis and physiology of conscience, and so on. No one denies that here, too, is difficulty, or that the difficulty is a proper object for the human faculties to be exercised upon; but the difficulty here is speculative: it is not the difficulty of religion, which is a practical one, and it often tends to divert the attention from this. Yet surely the difficulty of religion is great enough by itself, if men would but consider it, to satisfy the most voracious appetite for difficulties. It extends to rightness in the whole range of what we call conduct; in three-fourths, therefore, at the very lowest computation, of human life. The only doubt is whether we ought not to make the range of conduct wider still, and to say it is four-fifths of human life, or five-sixths. But it is better to be under the mark than over it; so let us be content with counting conduct three-fourths of human life. And to recognize in what way it is this, let us eschew all school-terms, like *moral sense*, and *volitional*, and *altruistic*, which philosophers employ, and let us help ourselves by the most palpable and plain examples. When the rich man in the parable says: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry"—those goods which he thus assigns as the stuff with which human life is mainly concerned (and so in practice it really is)—those goods and our dealings with them, our taking our ease, eating, drinking, being merry, are the matter of conduct, the range where it is exercised. Or when Protagoras points out of what things we are, from childhood till we die, being taught and admonished, and says (but it is lamentable that here we have not at hand Mr. Jowett, who so excellently introduces the enchanter Plato and his personages, but must use our own words): "From the time he can understand

what is said to him, nurse and mother, and teacher, and father too, are bending their efforts to this end,—to make the child *good*; teaching and showing him, as to everything he has to do or say, how this is right and that not right, and this is honourable and that vile, and this is holy and that unholy, and this do and that do not,”—Protagoras, when he says this, bears his testimony to the scope and nature of conduct, tells us what conduct is. Or, once more, when Monsieur Littré (and we hope to make our peace with the Comtists by quoting an author of theirs in preference to those authors whom all the British public is now reading and quoting)—when Monsieur Littré, in a most ingenious essay on the origin of morals, traces up,—better, perhaps, than any one else,—all our impulses into two elementary instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the reproductive instinct, then we take his theory and say that all the impulses which can be conceived as derivable from the instinct of self-preservation in us and the reproductive instinct, these terms being applied in their ordinary sense, are the matter of conduct. It is evident this includes, to say no more, every impulse relating to temper, every impulse relating to sensuality; and we all know how much that is. How we deal with these impulses is the matter of *conduct*,—how we obey, regulate, or restrain them,—that and nothing else. Not whether Monsieur Littré’s theory is true or false; for whether it be true or false, there the impulses confessedly now are, and the business of conduct is to deal with them. But it is evident, if conduct deals with these, both how important a thing conduct is, and how simple a thing. Important, because it covers so large a portion of human life, and the portion common to all sorts of people; simple, because, though there needs perpetual admonition to form conduct, the admonition is needed, not to determine what we ought to do, but to make us do it. And as to this simplicity, all moralists are agreed. “Let any plain honest man,” says Bishop Butler, “before he engages in any course of action” (he means action of the very kind we call *conduct*), “ask himself, Is this I am going about right or is it wrong? is it good or is it evil? I do not in the least doubt but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by *almost any fair man in almost any circumstance*.” And Bishop Wilson says: “Look up to God” (by which he means just this, consult your conscience) “at all times, and he will, *as in a glass*, discover what is fit to be done.” And the Preacher’s well-known sentence is to exactly the same effect: “God *made man upright*; but they have sought out many inventions”—or, as it more correctly is, “*many abstruse reasonings*.” Let us hold fast to this, and we shall find we have a stay by the help of which even poor weak men, with no pretensions to be athletes, may stand firmly. And so when we are asked, What is the object of religion?—let us reply, *Conduct*; and when we are asked further, What is conduct?—let us answer, *Three-fourths of life*.

And certainly we need not go far about to prove that conduct, or righteousness, which is the object of religion, is in a special manner the

object of Bible religion. The word righteousness is the master-word of the Old Testament; *cease to do evil, learn to do well*, these words being taken in their plainest sense of conduct; *offer the sacrifice*, not of victims and ceremonies, as the way of the world in religion then was, but, *offer the sacrifice of righteousness*. The great concern of the New Testament is likewise righteousness, but righteousness reached through particular means, righteousness by the power of Christ; a sentence which sums up the New Testament, and assigns the ground whereon the Christian Church stands, is, as we have elsewhere said, this: *Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity*. If we are to take a sentence which in like manner sums up the Old Testament, such a sentence is this: *To him that ordereth his conversation right, shall be shown the salvation of God*.

But instantly there will be raised the objection that this is morality, not religion; morality, ethics, conduct, being by many people, and above all by theologians, carefully contra-distinguished from religion, which is supposed in some special way to be connected with propositions about the Godhead of the Eternal Son, like those for which the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester want to do something, or propositions about the personality of God, or about election or justification. Religion, however, means simply either a binding to the practice of righteousness, or else a serious attending to righteousness and dwelling upon it; which of these two it most nearly means, depends upon the view we take of the word's derivation; but it means one of them, and they are much the same. And the antithesis between *ethical* and *religious* is thus quite a false one; ethical means *practical*, it relates to practice, or conduct, passing into habit or disposition; religious also means practical, but practical in a still higher degree; and the right antithesis to both ethical and religious, is the same as the right antithesis to practical: namely, *theoretical*. Now the propositions of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are theoretical; and they therefore are very properly opposed to propositions which are moral or ethical; but they are with equal propriety opposed to propositions which are religious. They differ in kind from what is religious, while what is ethical agrees in kind with it; but is there, therefore, no difference between what is ethical, or morality, and religion? There is a difference; a difference of degree. Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of the word, is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when to morality is applied emotion. And the true meaning of religion is thus not *morality*, but *morality touched by emotion*. And this new elevation and inspiration of morality is well marked by the word righteousness. Conduct is the word of common life, morality is the word of philosophical disquisition, righteousness is the word of religion.

Some people, indeed, are for calling all high thought and feeling by the name of religion: according to that saying of Goethe: "He who has art and science, has also religion." But let us use words as mankind gene-

rally use them. We may call art and science touched by emotion *religion*, if we will; as we may make the instinct of self-preservation into which Monsieur Litré traces up all our private affections, include the perfecting ourselves by the study of what is beautiful in art; and the reproductive instinct, into which he traces up all our social affections, include the perfecting mankind by political science. But men have not yet got to that stage when we think much of their private and social affections otherwise than as exercising themselves in the sphere of conduct; neither do we yet think of religion as so exercising itself. When mankind speak of religion, they have before their mind an activity, engaged, not with the whole of life, but with that three-fourths of life which is conduct. This is wide enough range for one word, surely; but at any rate, let us at present limit ourselves as mankind do.

And if some one now asks: But what is this application of emotion to morality, and by what marks may we know it?—we can quite easily satisfy him, not by any disquisition of our own, but in a much better way, by examples. "By the dispensation of Providence to mankind," says Quintilian, "goodness gives men most pleasure." That is morality. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." That is morality touched with emotion, or religion. "Keep off from sensuality," says Cicero; "for, if you have given yourself up to it, you will find yourself unable to think of anything else." That is morality. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That is religion. "We all want to live honestly, but cannot," says the Greek maxim-maker. That is morality. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" says St. Paul. That is religion. "Would thou wert of as good conversation in deed as in word!" is morality. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven," is religion. "Live as you were meant to live," is morality; "Lay hold on eternal life," is religion. Or we may take the contrast within the bounds of the Bible itself: "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty," is morality; "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," is religion. Or we may observe a third stage between these two stages, which shows to us the transition from one to the other: "If thou givest thy soul the desires that please her, she will make thee a laughing-stock to thine enemies;" that is morality. "He that resisteth pleasures crowneth his life;" that is morality with the tone heightened, passing, or trying to pass, into religion. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" there the passage is made, and we have religion. Our religious examples are here all taken from the Bible, but we could take them from elsewhere. "Oh that my lot might lead me in the path of holy innocence of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws which in the highest heaven had their birth, neither did the race of mortal man beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep; the power of God is mighty in

them, and groweth not old ! " That is from Sophocles, but it is as much religion as any of the things which we have quoted as religions. Like them, it is not the mere enjoining of conduct, but it is this enjoining touched, strengthened, and almost transformed, by the addition of feeling.

So what is meant by the application of emotion to morality has, it is to be hoped, been made clear. The next question will, I suppose, be : But how does one get the application made ? Why, how does one get to feel much about any matter whatever ? By dwelling upon it, by staying our thoughts upon it, by having it perpetually in our mind. The very words *mind*, *memory*, *remain*, come probably from the same root, from the notion of staying, attending. Possibly even the word *man* comes from the same ; so entirely does the idea of humanity, of intelligence, of looking before and after, of raising oneself out of the flux of things, rest upon the idea of steadying oneself, concentrating oneself, making order in the chaos of one's impressions, by attending to one rather than the other. The rules of conduct, of morality, were themselves, philosophers suppose, reached in this way ; the notion of a whole self as opposed to a partial self, a best self to an inferior, to a momentary self a permanent self, requiring the restraint of impulses one would naturally have indulged ; because by *attending* to his life man found it had a scope beyond the wants of the present moment. Suppose it was so ; then the first man who, as " a being," comparatively, " of a large discourse, looking before and after," controlled the native, instantaneous, mechanical impulses of the instinct of self-preservation, controlled the native, instantaneous, mechanical impulses of the reproductive instinct, had morality revealed to him. But there is a long way from this to that habitual dwelling on the rules thus reached, that constant turning them over in the mind, that near and lively experimental sense of their beneficence, which communicates emotion to our thought of them, and thus incalculably heightens their power. And the more that mankind attended to the claims of that part of our nature which does not belong to conduct, properly so called, or morality (and we have seen that, after all, about one-fourth of our nature is in this case), the more they would have distractions to take off their thoughts from those moral conclusions which all races of men, one may say, seem to have reached, and to prevent these moral conclusions from being quickened by emotion, and thus becoming religious.

Only with the people from whom we get the Bible these distractions did not happen. The Old Testament, I suppose nobody will deny, is filled with the word and thought of righteousness :—" In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death ; " " righteousness tendeth to life ; " " the wicked man troubleth his own flesh ; " " the way of transgressors is hard ; "—nobody will deny that those texts may stand for the fundamental and ever-recurring idea of the Old Testament. No people ever felt so strongly that conduct is three-fourths of life and its largest concern ; no people ever felt so strongly that succeeding,

going right, hitting the mark in this great concern, as in all great concerns that really engage us, was the way of peace, the highest possible satisfaction. "He that keepeth the law, happy is he; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace; if thou hadst walked in its ways, thou shouldst have dwelled in peace for ever." Jeshurun, one of the ideal names of their race, is the *upright*; Israel, the other and greater, is the wrestler with God, he who has known the contention and strain it costs to stand upright. That mysterious personage, by whom their history first touches the hill of Sion, is Melchisedek, the *righteous* king; their holy city, Jerusalem, is the foundation, or vision, or inheritance, of what righteousness conquers,—*peace*. The law of righteousness was such an object of attention to them that its words were to "be in their heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." To keep them ever in mind, they wore them, went about with them, made talismans of them; "bind them upon thy fingers, bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart." "Take fast hold of her," they said of the doctrine of conduct, or righteousness, "let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life."

People who thus spoke of righteousness could not but have had their minds long and deeply engaged with it, more than the generality of mankind, who have nevertheless, as we saw, got as far as the notion of morals or conduct; and if they were so engaged with it, one thing could not fail to strike them. It is this: the very great part in righteousness which belongs, we may say, to *not ourselves*. In the first place, we did not make ourselves, or our nature, or *conduct* as the object of three-fourths of that nature; we did not provide that happiness should follow conduct, as it undeniably does; that the sense of succeeding, going right, hitting the mark, in conduct, should give satisfaction, and a very high satisfaction, just as really as the sense of doing well in his work gives pleasure to a poet or painter, or accomplishing what he tries gives pleasure to a man who is learning to ride or shoot, or satisfying his hunger, even, gives pleasure to a man who is hungry. All this we did not make; and, in the next place, our dealing with it all, when it is made, is not wholly, or even nearly wholly, in our own power. Our conduct is capable, irrespective of what we can ourselves certainly answer for, of almost infinitely different degrees of force and energy in the execution of it, of lucidity and vividness in the perception of it, of fulness in the satisfaction from it; and these degrees may vary from day to day, and quite incalculably. For instance, every one can understand how health and freedom from pain may give energy for conduct, and how a neuralgia, suppose, may diminish it; it does not depend on ourselves, indeed, whether we have the neuralgia or not, but we can understand its impairing our spirit. But the strange thing is that with the same neuralgia we may find ourselves one day without spirit and energy for conduct, and another day

with them. So that we may most truly say: "Left to ourselves, we sink and perish; visited, we lift up our heads and live." And we may well give ourselves, in grateful and devout self-surrender, to that by which we are thus visited. So much is there incalculable, so much that belongs to *not ourselves*, in conduct; and the more we attend to conduct, and the more we value it, the more we shall feel this.

The *not ourselves*, which is in us and in the world round us, has almost everywhere, so far as we can see, struck the minds of men as they awoke to consciousness, and inspired them with awe. Every one knows how the mighty natural objects which most took their regards became the objects to which this awe addressed itself; our very word *God* is a reminiscence of these times, when men invoked "the brilliant on high," *sublime hoc candens quod invocant omnes Jovem*, as the power representing to them that which transcended the limits of their narrow selves, and that by which they lived and moved and had their being. Every one knows of what differences of operation men's dealing with this power has in different places and times shown itself capable; how here they have been moved by it to a cruel terror, there to a timid religiosity, there again to a play of imagination; almost always, however, connecting with it, by some string or other, conduct. But we are not writing a history of religion; we are only tracing its effect on the language of the men from whom we get the Bible. At the time they produced those documents which give to the Old Testament its power and true character, the *not ourselves* which weighed upon the mind of Israel, and engaged its awe, was the *not ourselves* by which we get the sense for righteousness and whence we find the help to do right. This was the conception which lay at the bottom of that remarkable change which at a certain stage in their religious history befell their mode of naming God; this was what they intended in the name which we wrongly convey either without translation, by *Jehovah*, which gives us the notion of a mere mythological Deity, or by a wrong translation, *Lord*, which gives us the notion of a magnified and non-natural man;—the name they used was *The Eternal*. Philosophers dispute whether moral ideas, as they call them, the simplest ideas of conduct and righteousness which now seem instinctive, did not all grow, were not once inchoate, embryo, dubious, unformed; that may have been so; the question is an interesting one for science. But the interesting question for conduct is whether those ideas are unformed or formed *now*; they are formed now, and they were formed when the Hebrews called the power, out of themselves, which pressed upon their spirit: *The Eternal*. Long before the first beginnings of their recorded history, long before the oldest word of their literature, these ideas must have been at work; we know it by the result; but they may have been but rudimentary. In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature, under the name of Eloh, Elohim, *The Mighty*, there may have lain and matured, there did lie and mature, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected above everything with conduct and righteousness, than

were entertained by other races ; not only can we judge by the result that this must have been so, but we can see that it was so. Still their name, *The Mighty*, does not in itself involve any true and deep religious ideas, any more than our name, *The Brilliant*. With *The Eternal* it is otherwise. For what did they mean by the Eternal ;—the Eternal *what* ? The Eternal *cause* ? Alas, these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the Eternal *righteous*, who loveth *righteousness*. They had dwelt upon the thought of conduct and right and wrong, till the *not ourselves*, which is in us and around us, became altogether to them a power which makes for righteousness ; which makes for it unchangeably and eternally, and is therefore called *The Eternal*.

There is not a particle of metaphysics in their use of this name, any more than in their conceptions of the *not ourselves* to which they attached it. Both came to them, not from abstruse reasoning, but from experience, and from experience in the plain region of conduct. Theologians with metaphysical heads render this *Eternal* by the *self-existent*, and this *not ourselves* by the *absolute*, and attribute to Israel their own subtleties. According to them, Israel had his head full of the necessity of a first cause, and therefore said *The Eternal* ; as, again, they imagine him looking out into the world, noting everywhere the marks of design and adaptation to his wants, and reasoning and inferring thence the fatherhood of God. All these fancies come from an excessive turn for reasoning, and a neglect of observing men's actual course of thinking and way of using words. Israel, at this stage when *The Eternal* was revealed to him, inferred nothing, reasoned nothing ; he felt and experienced. When he begins to speculate, in the schools of Rabbinism, he quickly shows how much less native talent than the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester he has for this business. Happily he had not yet begun to speculate. He personified, indeed, his *Eternal*, for he was strongly moved, and an orator and poet ; *man never knows how anthropomorphic he is*, says Goethe, and so man tends always to represent everything under his own figure ; in poetry and eloquence he may and must follow this tendency, but in science it often leads him astray. Israel, however, did not scientifically predicate personality of God ; he would not even have had a notion what was meant by it. He called him the maker of all things, who gave them all drink out of his pleasures, as out of the river ; but he was led to this by no theory of a first cause. The grandeur of the spectacle given by the world, and of the sense of its all being not ourselves, being above and beyond ourselves, and immeasurably dwarfing us, a man of imagination instinctively personifies as a single mighty living and productive power ; as Goethe tells us that the words which rose naturally to his lips, when he stood on the top of the Brocken, were : " Lord, what is man, that thou mindest him, or the son of man, that thou makest account of him ? " But Israel's confessing and extolling of this power came not from his imaginative feeling, but came first from his gratitude for righteousness. To one who knows what conduct is, it is a joy to be alive ; the *not ourselves*,

which, by revealing to us righteousness, makes our happiness, adds to the boon this glorious world to be righteous in. That is the notion at the bottom of the Hebrew's praise of a Creator. It is the same with all the language he uses. God is a father, because the power in and around us which makes for righteousness is indeed best described by the name of this authoritative but yet tender and protecting relation. So, too, with the intense fear and abhorrence of idolatry. Conduct, righteousness, is, above all, an inward motion; no sensible forms can represent it, or help us to it; such attempts at representation can only distract us from it. So, too, with the sense of the oneness of God. "Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord." People think that in this unity of God,—this monotheistic idea, as they call it,—they have certainly got metaphysics at last. It is nothing of the kind. The monotheistic idea of Israel is simply *seriousness*. There are, indeed, many aspects of the *not ourselves*; but Israel regarded one aspect of it only, that by which it makes for righteousness. He had the advantage, to be sure, that with this aspect three-fourths of human life is concerned. But there are other aspects which may be taken. "Frail and striving mortality," says the elder Pliny, in a noble passage, "mindful of its own weakness, has distinguished these severally, so as for each man to be able to attach himself to the divine by this or that portion, according as he has most need." That is an apology for polytheism, as answering to man's many-sidedness. But Israel felt that being thus many-sided degenerated into an imaginative play, and bewildered what Israel recognized as our sole *religious* consciousness,—the consciousness of right. "Let thine eyelids look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee; turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil." Does not Ovid say, in excuse for the immorality of his verses, that the sight and mention of the gods themselves,—the rulers of human life,—often raised immoral thoughts? and so the sight and mention of *all* aspects of the *not ourselves* must. Israel's *Eternal* was the Eternal which says: "To depart from evil, *that* is understanding;" "Be ye *holy*, for I am *holy*." Now, as righteousness is but a heightened conduct, so holiness is but a heightened righteousness; a more finished, entire, and awe-filled righteousness. It was such a righteousness which was Israel's ideal; and therefore it was that Israel said, not indeed what our Bibles make him say, but this: "Hear, O Israel! *The Eternal is our God, the Eternal alone.*"

And in spite of his turn for personification, his want of a clear boundary line between poetry and science, his inaptitude to express even abstract notions by other than highly concrete terms,—in spite of these scientific disadvantages, or rather, perhaps, because of them, because he had no talent for abstruse reasoning to lead him astray, the spirit and tongue of Israel kept a propriety, a reserve, a *sense* of the inadequacy of language in conveying man's ideas of God, which contrast strongly with the licence of affirmation of our Western theology. "The high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy," is far more proper and feli-

citous language than "the moral and intelligent governor of the universe," just because it far less attempts to be precise. As he had developed his idea of God from personal experience, Israel knew what we, who have developed our idea from his words about it, so often are ignorant of: that his words were but thrown out at a vast object of consciousness which he could not fully grasp, and apprehended clearly by one point alone,—that it made for the great concern of life, conduct. How little we know of it besides, how impenetrable is the course of its ways with us, how we are baffled in our attempts to name and describe it, how, when we personify it and call it the moral and intelligent governor of the universe, we presently find it not to be a person as man conceives of person, nor moral as man conceives of moral, nor intelligent as man conceives of intelligent, nor a governor as man conceives of governors,—all this, which scientific theology loses sight of, Israel, who had but poetry and eloquence, and no system, and who did not mind contradicting himself, knew. "Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous?" What a blow to our ideal of that magnified and non-natural man, "the moral and intelligent governor!" "Canst thou by searching find out God; canst thou find out the perfection of the Almighty? It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

Will it be said, experience might also have shown to Israel a *not ourselves* which did not make for his happiness, but rather made against it, baffled his claims to it? But no man, as we have elsewhere remarked, who simply follows his own consciousness, is aware of any *claims*, any rights, whatever; what he gets of good makes him thankful, what he gets of ill seems to him natural. It is true, the *not ourselves* of which he is thankfully conscious he inevitably speaks of and speaks to as a man;—"man never knows how anthropomorphic he is;"—as time proceeds, imagination and reasoning keep working on this substructure and build from it a magnified and non-natural man; attention is then drawn to causes outside ourselves which seem to make for sin and suffering, and then either these causes have to be reconciled by some highly ingenious scheme with the magnified and non-natural man's power, or a second magnified and non-natural man has to be supposed, who pulls the contrary way to the first. But all this is secondary, and comes much later; Israel, the founder of our religion, knew from thankful experience the *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness, and knew how little we know about God besides.

The language of the Bible, then, is literary, not scientific language, language *thrown out* at an object of consciousness, not fully grasped, which inspired emotion. Evidently, if the object be one not fully to be grasped and one to inspire emotion, the language of figure and feeling will satisfy us better about it, will cover more of what we seek to express, than the language of literal fact and science; the language of science about it will be below what we feel to be the truth. The question, however, has arisen and confronts us, what *was* the scientific basis of fact for

this consciousness. When we have once satisfied ourselves both as to the tentative, poetic way in which the Bible personages used language, and also as to their having no pretensions to metaphysics at all, let us, therefore, when there is this question raised as to the scientific account of what they had before their minds, be content with a very unpretending answer. And in this way such a phrase as that which we have formerly used concerning God, and have been much blamed for using,—the phrase, namely, “that, for science, God is simply *the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being*,”—may be allowed, and even prove useful. Certainly it is inadequate; certainly it is a less proper phrase than, for instance, “Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.” But then it is, in however humble a degree and with however narrow a reach, a *scientific* definition, which the other is not. The phrase, “A personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe,” has also, when applied to God, the character, no doubt, of a scientific definition; but then it goes far beyond what is admittedly certain and verifiable, which is what we mean by scientific. It attempts far too much; if we want here, as we do want, to have what is admittedly certain and verifiable, we must content ourselves with very little. No one will say that it is admittedly certain and verifiable that there is a personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe, whom we may call God if we will. But that all things seem to us to have what we call a law of their being, and to tend to fulfil it, is certain and admitted; though whether we will call this *God* or not is a matter of choice. Suppose, however, we call it *God*, we then give the name of *God* to a certain and admitted reality; this, at least, is an advantage. And the notion does, in fact, enter into the term *God*, in men's common use of it. To please God, to serve God, to obey God's will, does mean to follow a law of things which is found in conscience, and which is an indication, irrespective of our arbitrary wish and fancy, of what we ought to do. There is, then, a real power which makes for righteousness, and it is the greatest of realities for us. When Paul says our business is “to serve the spirit of God,” “to serve the living and true God;” and when Epictetus says, “What do I want?—to acquaint myself with the true order of things, and comply with it,” they both mean, so far, the same, in that they both mean we should obey a tendency, which is *not ourselves*, but which appears in our consciousness, by which things fulfil the real law of their being. It is true, the *not ourselves*, by which things fulfil the real law of their being, extends a great deal beyond that sphere where alone we usually think of it. That is, a man may disserve God, disobey indications, not of our own making, but which appear, if we attend, in our consciousness,—he may disobey, I say, such indications of the real law of our being in other spheres besides the sphere of conduct. He does disobey them when he sings a hymn like *My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow*, or, indeed, like nine-tenths of our hymns, or when he

frames and maintains a blundering and miserable constitution of society, as well as when he commits some plain breach of the moral law. But he attends, and the generality of men attend, only to the indications of a true law of our being as to *conduct*, and hardly at all to indications, though they as really exist, of a true law of our being on its æsthetic and intellectual side. The reason is, that the moral side, though not more real, is so much larger; taking in, as we have said, at least three-fourths of life. But the indications on this moral side of that tendency, not of our making, by which things fulfil the law of their being, we do very much mean to denote and to sum up when we speak of the will of God, pleasing God, serving God. Let us keep firm footing on this basis of plain fact, narrow though it be.

To feel that one is fulfilling in any way the law of one's being, that one is succeeding and hitting the mark, brings us, we know, happiness; to feel this in regard to so great a thing as conduct brings, of course, happiness proportionate to the thing's greatness. We have had Quintilian's witness, how right conduct gives joy. Who could value knowledge more than Goethe? but he marks it as being without question a lesser source of joy than conduct; conduct he ranks with health as beyond all compare primary; "nothing, *after* health and *virtue*," he says, "can give so much satisfaction as learning and knowing." And Bishop Butler, at the view of the happiness from conduct, breaks free from all that hesitancy and depression which so commonly hangs on his masterly thinking. "Self-love, methinks, should be alarmed! May she not pass over greater pleasures than those she is so wholly taken up with?" And Bishop Wilson, always hitting the right nail on the head in matters of this sort, remarks that "if it were not for the practical difficulties attending it, *virtue would hardly be distinguishable from a kind of sensuality*." The practical difficulties are indeed exceeding great; plain as is the course, and high the prize, we all find ourselves daily brought to say with the *Imitation*, "Would that for one single day we had lived in this world as we ought!" Yet the course is so evidently plain, and the prize so high, that the same *Imitation* cries out presently, "If a man would but take notice, what peace he brings himself, and what joy to others, merely by managing himself right!" And for such happiness, since certainly we ourselves did not make it, we instinctively feel grateful; according to that remark of one of the wholesomest and truest of moralists, Barrow: "He is not a man, who doth not delight to make some returns thither whence he hath found great kindness." And this sense of gratitude, again, is itself an addition to our happiness. So strong altogether is the witness and sanction happiness gives to going right in conduct, to fulfilling, so far as conduct is concerned, the law indicated to us of our being; and there can be no sanction to compare, for force, with the strong sanction of happiness, if it is true what Bishop Butler, who is here but the mouthpiece of humanity itself, says so irresistibly: "It is manifest that nothing can be of consequence to mankind, or any creature, but happiness."

And now see how exactly Israel's perceptions about God follow and confirm this simple line, which we have here reached quite independently. First: "It is joy to the just to do judgment." Then: "It becometh well the just to be thankful." Finally: "A pleasant thing it is to be thankful." What can be simpler than this, and at the same time more solid? But again: "There is nothing sweeter than to take heed unto the commandments of the Eternal." "I will thank the Eternal for giving me warning." "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!" Why, these are the very same propositions as the others, only with a power and depth of emotion added! Emotion has been applied to morality. God is here really, at bottom, a deeply moved way of saying, *conduct or righteousness*. Trust in God is trust in the law of conduct; *delight in the Lord* is, in a deeply moved way of expression, the happiness we all feel to spring from *conduct*. Attending to conduct, to judgment, makes the attender feel that it is joy to do it; attending to it more still, makes him feel that it is the commandment of the Eternal, and that the joy got from it is joy got from fulfilling the commandment of the Eternal. The thankfulness for this joy is thankfulness to the Eternal, and to the Eternal again is due that fresh joy which comes from this thankfulness. "The fear of the Eternal, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding." *The fear of the Eternal* and *to depart from evil* here mean, and are put to mean, just the same thing; yet what man of soul, after he had once risen to feel that to depart from evil was to walk in awful observance of an enduring clue, within us and without us, which leads to happiness, but would prefer to say, instead of *to depart from evil, the fear of the Eternal*? Henceforth, then, Israel transferred to this Eternal all his obligations. Instead of saying, "Whoso keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul," he said, "My soul, wait thou still upon God, for of him cometh my salvation." Instead of saying, "Bind them (the laws of righteousness) continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck," he said, "Have I not remembered Thee on my bed, and thought of Thee when I was waking?" The obligation of a grateful and devout self-surrender to the Eternal replaced all sense of obligation to one's own better self, one's own permanent welfare. The moralist's rule, "Take thought for your permanent, not your momentary, well-being," became now, "Honour the Eternal, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." That is, with Israel religion replaced morality. It is true, out of the humble yet divine ground of attention to conduct, of care for what in conduct is right and wrong, grew morality and religion both; but from the time the soul felt the motive of religion, it dropped, and could not but drop, the other. And the motive of doing right, to a sincere soul, is now really no longer his own welfare, but to please God; and it bewilders his consciousness if you tell him that he does right out of self-love. So that as we have said that the first man who, as a being of a large discourse, looking before and after, controlled

the blind momentary impulses of the instinct of self-preservation, controlled the blind momentary impulses of the sexual instinct, had morality revealed to him; so, in like manner, we may say that the first man who was thrilled with gratitude, devotion, and awe at the sense of joy and peace, not of his own making, which followed the exercise of this self-control, had religion revealed to him. And, for us at least, this man was Israel.

And here, as we have already pointed out the falseness of the common antithesis between *ethical* and *religious*, let us anticipate the objection that the religion now spoken of is but natural religion, by pointing out the falseness of the common antithesis, also, between *natural* and *revealed*. For that in us which is really natural is, in truth, *revealed*; we awake to the consciousness of it, we are aware of it coming forth in our mind, but we feel that we did not make it, that it is what it is whether we will or no; if we are little concerned about it, we say it is *natural*; if much, we say it is *revealed*. But the difference between the two is not one of kind, only of degree. The real antithesis to natural and revealed alike is *invented, artificial*; religion springing out of an experience of the power, the grandeur, the necessity of righteousness, is revealed religion, whether we find it in Sophocles or Isaiah; "the will of mortal men did not beget it, neither shall oblivion ever put it to sleep." A system of theological notions about personality, essence, existence, substantiality, is *artificial* religion, and is the proper opposite to *revealed*; since it is a religion which comes forth in no one's consciousness, but is invented by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, and personages of their stamp,—able men with uncommon talents for abstruse reasoning. This religion is in no sense revealed, just because it is in no sense natural; and revealed religion is properly so named just in proportion as it is in a pre-eminent degree natural. The religion of the Bible, therefore, is revealed, because the great natural truth, that "righteousness tendeth to life," is seized and exhibited there with such incomparable force and efficacy. All, or very nearly all, the nations of mankind have recognized the importance of conduct, and have attributed to it a natural obligation. But "Sion heard of it and rejoiced, and the daughters of Judah were glad, because of thy judgments, O Eternal!" Happiness is our being's end and aim, and no one has ever come near Israel in feeling, and in making others feel, that *to righteousness belongs happiness*. The prodigies and the marvellous of Bible-religion are common to it with all religions; the love of righteousness, in this eminency, is its own.

The real germ of religious consciousness, therefore, out of which sprang Israel's name for God, to which the records of his history adapted themselves, and which came to be clothed upon, in time, with a mighty growth of poetry and tradition, was a consciousness of the *not ourselves which makes for righteousness*. And the way to convince oneself of this is by studying their literature with a fair mind, and with the tact which letters, surely, alone can give. For the thing turns upon understanding the manner in

which men have thought, their way of using words, and what they mean by them; and if to know letters is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world, then by knowing letters we become acquainted not only with the history, but also with the scope and powers of the instruments men employ in thinking and speaking; and this is just what is sought for. And with the sort of experience thus gained, objections, as we have said, will be found not so much to be refuted by logical reasoning as to fall of themselves. Is it objected: Why, if the Hebrews of the Bible had thus eminently the sense for righteousness, does it not equally distinguish the race now? But does not experience show us how entirely a change of circumstances may change a people's character; and have the modern Jews lost more of what distinguished their ancestors, or even so much, as the modern Greeks of what distinguished theirs? Where is now, among the Greeks, the dignity of life of Pericles, the dignity of thought and of art of Phidias and Plato? Is it objected, that the Jews' God was not the enduring power that makes for righteousness, but only their tribal God, who gave them the victory in the battle and plagued them that hated them? But how, then, comes their literature to be full of such things as, "Shew me thy ways, O Eternal, and teach me thy paths; lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me, for thou art the God of my salvation; in thee hath been my hope all the day long; let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I put my trust in thee." From the sense that with men thus guided and going right in goodness it could not but be well, that their leaf could not wither, and that whatsoever they did must prosper, would naturally come the sense that in their wars with an enemy the enemy should be put to confusion, and they should triumph; but how, out of the mere sense that their enemy should be put to confusion and they should triumph, could the desire for goodness come? Is it objected, that the law of the Lord was a positive traditionary code to them, standing as a mechanical rule which held them in awe? that their fear of the Lord was superstitious dread of an assumed magnified and non-natural man? But why, then, are they always saying: "Teach me thy law, open mine eyes, make me to understand wisdom secretly," if all the law they were thinking of stood stark and fixed before their eyes already; and what could they mean by: "O knit my heart unto thee, that I may fear thy name," if the fear they meant was not the awe-filled observance from deep attachment, but a servile terror? Is it objected, that their conception of righteousness was a narrow and rigid one, centring mainly in what they called *judgment*; "Hate the evil and love the good, and establish *judgment* in the gate;" so that evil, for them, did not take in all faults whatever of heart and conduct, but meant chiefly oppression, graspingness, a violent, mendacious tongue, insolent and riotous excess? True; but whoever sincerely attends to conduct, along however limited a line, is on his way to bring under the eye of conscience all conduct whatever; and already, in

the Old Testament, the somewhat monotonous inculcation of the social virtues of judgment and justice is continually broken through by deeper movements of personal religion ; every time that the words *contrition* or *humility* drop from the lips of prophet or psalmist, Christianity appears. Is it objected, finally, that even their own narrow conception of righteousness they could not follow, but were perpetually oppressive, grasping, slanderous, sensual ? Why, the very interest and importance of their witness to righteousness lies in their having felt so deeply the necessity of what they were so little able to accomplish ! They had the strongest impulses in the world to violence and excess, the keenest pleasure in gratifying these impulses ; and yet they had such a sense of the natural necessary connection between conduct and happiness, that they kept saying in spite of themselves : *To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shewn the salvation of God.*

Now manifestly this sense of theirs has a double force for the rest of mankind,—an evidential force and a practical force. Its evidential force is in keeping in men's view, by the example of the signal apparition in one branch of our race of the sense for conduct and righteousness, the reality and naturalness of that sense. Clearly, unless a sense or endowment of human nature, however in itself real and beneficent, has some signal representative among mankind, it tends to be pressed upon by other senses and endowments, to suffer from its own want of energy, and to be more and more pushed out of sight. Any one, for instance, who will go to the Potteries and will look at the tawdry, glaring, ill-proportioned ware which is being made there for certain American and colonial markets, will easily convince himself how in our people and kindred the sense for the arts of design, though it is certainly planted in human nature, might dwindle and sink to almost nothing, if it were not for the witness borne to this sense and the protest offered against its extinction by the brilliant æsthetic endowment and artistic work of ancient Greece. One cannot look out over the world without seeing that the same sort of thing might very well befall conduct, too, if it were not for the great witness borne by Israel. Then there is the practical force of their example ; and that is even more important. Every one knows how those who want to cultivate any sense or endowment in themselves must be habitually conversant with the works of people who have been eminent for that sense, must study them, catch inspiration from them ; only in this way, indeed, can progress be made. And as long as the world lasts, all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have had the sense for righteousness most glowing and strongest ; and in hearing and reading the words they have left, carers for conduct will find a glow and a force they could find nowhere else. As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, or a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakspeare, as a man with a sense for

conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible. And this sense, in the satisfying of which we come naturally to the Bible, is a sense which the generality of men have far more decidedly than they have the sense for art or for science; at any rate, whether we have it decidedly or no, it is the sense which has to do with three-fourths of human life. This does truly constitute for Israel a most extraordinary distinction. In spite of all which in them and their character is unattractive, nay, repellent, in spite of their shortcomings even in righteousness itself and their insignificance in everything else, this petty, unsuccessful, unamiable people, without politics, without science, without art, without charm, deserve their great place in the world's regard, and are likely to have it greater, as the world goes on, rather than less. It is secured to them by the facts of human nature, and by the unalterable constitution of things. "God has given commandment to bless, and he hath blessed, and we cannot reverse it; he hath not seen iniquity in Jacob, and he hath not seen perverseness in Israel; the Eternal, his God, is with him."

Any one does a good deed who removes stumbling-blocks out of the way of feeling and profiting by the witness left by this people; and so, instead of making them mean, in their use of the word God, a scientific affirmation which never entered into their heads, and about which many will dispute, let us content ourselves with making them mean, as matter of scientific fact and experience, what they really did mean as such, and what is unchallengeable. Let us put into their "Eternal" and "God" no more science than they did:—*the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness*. They meant more by these names, but they meant this; and what they meant more they could not grasp fully, but this they grasped fully. The sense which this will give us for their words is at least solid, so that we may find it of use as a guide to steady us and to give us a constant clue in following what they say;—and is it so unworthy? It is true, unless we can fill it with as much feeling as they did, the mere possessing it will not carry us far. But matters are not much mended by taking their language of approximative figure and using it for the language of scientific definition; or by crediting them with our own dubious science, deduced from metaphysical ideas which they never had. A better way than this, surely, is to take their fact of experience, to keep it steadily for our basis in using their language, and to see whether from using their language with the ground of this real and firm sense to it, as they themselves did, somewhat of their feeling, too, may not grow upon us. At least we shall know what we are saying, and that what we are saying is true, however inadequate. But is this confessed inadequateness of our speech concerning that which we will not call by the negative name of the unknown and unknowable, but rather by the name of the unexplored and the inexpressible, and of which the Hebrews themselves said: *It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?*—is this reservedness of affirmation about God less

worthy of him than the astounding particularity and licence of affirmation of our dogmatists, as if he were a man in the next street? Nay, and nearly all the difficulties which torment theology,—as the reconciling God's justice with his mercy, and so on,—come from this particularity; theologians having precisely, as it would often seem, built up a wall, to run their own heads against it.

This is what comes of too much talent for abstract reasoning: one cannot help seeing the theory of causation and such things, where one should only see a far simpler matter,—the power, the grandeur, the necessity of righteousness. To be sure, a perception of these is at the bottom of popular religion, underneath all the extravagances theologians have taught people to utter, and makes the whole value of it. For the sake of this true practical perception one might be quite content to leave at rest a matter where practice, after all, is everything, and theory nothing; only, when religion is called in question because of the extravagances of theologians being passed off as religion, one disengages and helps religion by showing their utter delusiveness. They arose out of the talents of able men for reasoning, and their want (not through lack of talent, for the thing needs none; it needs only time, trouble, and a fair mind; but through their being taken up with their reasoning power) of literary experience. Unluckily, the sphere where they show their talents is one for literary experience rather than for reasoning; and this at the very outset, in the dealings of theologians with the starting-point of our religion, the experience of Israel as set forth in the Old Testament, has produced, we have seen, great confusion. Naturally, as we shall next see, the confusion becomes worse confounded as they proceed.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Herschels and the Star-Depths.

THE astronomer whose loss science is lamenting as we write, brought to a close, thirty-five years ago, the most wonderful series of researches yet recorded in the history of astronomy. For more than half a century those researches had been in progress, and during all that time the astronomer engaged upon the work had been recognized as the first astronomer of his time. From 1780 to 1822 Sir. W. Herschel was engaged in surveying the star-depths; after 1822 the researches were carried on by Sir John Herschel, second to no astronomer of our day, nor to any observational astronomer the world has yet produced save his father alone.

It is well that the real nature of the work accomplished by the Herschels should be recognized, for otherwise just honour will not be done to their memory. It is amazing, indeed, that it should now be necessary to correct mistaken impressions on the subject: yet there can be no question that few know rightly what are the real claims of the Herschels to the admiration of the world and to the gratitude of astronomers. It was but necessary to peruse the obituary notices which appeared during the week following May 11th last, to find how little the work of the Herschels has been appreciated. In those notices we commonly saw the labours of the elder Herschel associated—as was fit—with the work of the son, and yet the real end and aim of those labours and of Sir John Herschel's, altogether missed by the biographer.

The real work of the Herschels—that end to which all their labours were directed—was the survey of those regions of space which lie beyond the range of the unaided vision. Other work they did which well deserves attention. The elder Herschel, in particular, has left papers describing observations of the planets, careful studies of the sun's surface, and researches into a variety of other subjects of interest. But all the work thus recorded, was regarded by him rather as affording practice whereby he might acquire a mastery over his instruments, than as work to which he cared to devote his whole powers. Even the discovery of a planet travelling outside the path of Saturn, although this discovery is commonly regarded as the most noteworthy achievement of Herschel's life, was in reality but an almost accidental result of his real work among the star-depths. It was, in truth, such an accident as he may be said to have rendered a certainty. No man can apply the powers of telescopes larger than any before constructed, to scrutinize, as he did, every portion of the celestial depths, without being rewarded before long by some such discovery: and it was well, in many respects, that Sir W. Herschel

was thus rewarded, because the recognition which his labours thenceforth received, undoubtedly facilitated the prosecution of his researches. But those labours had another and a nobler end than the mere discovery of unknown planets. He never prosecuted them for a single hour without discovering multitudes of unknown orbs far mightier than the massive bulk of Uranus. These discoveries passed unrecorded, save numerically, so many were they; but they tended to the solution of the noblest problem which men have yet attempted to master. That the true end of Sir W. Herschel's labours was the mastery of this problem, must be obvious to any one who will be at the pains to examine those volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* in which his researches are recorded; but he has also plainly told us his purpose in continually applying more and more powerful telescopes to the survey of the celestial depths. "A knowledge of the construction of the heavens," he wrote in 1811, "has always been the ultimate object of my observations."

We do not purpose here to enter into the details of the various processes of inquiry in which the active mind of Sir W. Herschel led him to engage while he was attempting to solve the secret of the star-depths. We wish rather to present results than to consider methods.

Yet the first of Herschel's researches was so full of interest, and led to a result so strange, that it will be well briefly to consider its purport.

When Herschel began his labours he hoped not merely to determine the general arrangement of the stars throughout the spaces around us, but also to ascertain the real architecture (if one may so speak) of the stellar system. To this end it was necessary that the distances of the stars should be ascertained; and, accordingly, one of the first subjects to which Herschel applied his powers was the amazingly difficult one of measuring the stars' distances. A method of extreme ingenuity, but also (as was commonly the case with Herschel's devices) of extreme simplicity, suggested itself to his mind. Of course the only real means of determining any star's distance must depend upon the effects of the earth's motion around the sun. If the earth were at rest we should see the star always in a certain direction, but how far off it lay in that direction we could never know. It is because the earth takes up different positions, so that we see a star at different times in different directions, that we have a means of estimating the star's distance. But the earth's path, despite the 180,000,000 of miles of its diameter, is so minute compared with the spaces which separate our sun from the nearest stars, that astronomers had despaired in Herschel's time of measuring the change of seeming direction due to the earth's motion. An observer might at one time notice that his telescope had to be pointed in a certain direction to bear on a particular star, while six months later (when the earth would be 180,000,000 of miles from the spot she had occupied before) the observer might try to note whether his telescope required to be pointed in some slightly different direction to bear on the star. But in the meantime the stand of the telescope might have been

slightly moved, as by the sinking of a pier, or even by changes due to greater warmth or cold. The air might not act precisely in the same way on the rays from the star. The observer's own powers might have varied, or rather, these and other like changes must inevitably take place to some extent, however slight; and it had begun to be known in Sir W. Herschel's time that the slightest possible error of the kind would suffice to render any attempts at measurement ineffective.

Herschel at once suggested a means of overcoming all these difficulties. What we want, he reasoned, is to tell towards what point of the heavens a star seems to lie, at different seasons, and the nearer the star the more it will seem to shift. A star so far off as not to be visible without a powerful telescope will not seem to shift at all; for it must probably be twenty or thirty times farther away than the bright stars, and we know that even these shift so slightly that we cannot be sure they shift at all. What is to prevent us, then, from regarding one of these faint and therefore very distant stars as a sort of index point from which to measure the minute excursions of some bright star close by it on the heavens? If we do this, it will not matter whether our observatory or our telescope have slightly shifted, whether the air acts more or less strongly in bending the rays of light from the star, and so on. For now, we are no longer concerned in trying to find the absolute place of the star upon the heavens, but in noting how it seems to be placed with regard to a neighbouring star, an inquiry which can be in no way affected by these difficulties.

Now Herschel had repeatedly noticed faint stars very close by bright ones. There were some instances in which the faint star was so minute and so close by the larger one, that it required one of his most powerful telescopes to see the small star at all as an object distinct from the larger one. Cases such as this obviously promised to afford very satisfactory information about star distances. The very faint orb must lie at an enormous distance beyond the bright one—so, at least, Herschel believed,—while a fortunate chance seemed to have placed the two orbs so nearly in the same direction that the least displacement of the brighter orb, on account of the earth's motion, must necessarily be made apparent.

But the careful study of many such cases brought only disappointment, so far as Herschel's main object was concerned. There was absolutely no trace, in any instance examined by him, of that seeming vibratory motion of the brighter orb, year after year, which Herschel had hoped to recognize. The conviction grew gradually upon him that there had been a flaw in his reasoning. And inquiring where that flaw could be, he presently saw that his assumption of the relatively enormous distance of the faint star must be ill-founded. Then he went farther, beginning to believe that the fainter and the brighter star lay at the same distance,—in other words, that they formed a physically associated pair. This view—since firmly established by his own labours and his son's—changed altogether the meaning of the lessons taught by the stars. For hitherto men had believed that the stars are distributed

through space in such sort as to be independent of each other. A few thoughtful men—as Wright, Kant, Lambert, and Mitchell,—had ventured to express doubts as to the justice of this view; and Mitchell, indeed, had by the mere force of abstract reasoning, anticipated the very conclusion to which observation had now led Sir W. Herschel. But it is in the nature of men, of scientific men as well as others, to turn an almost deaf ear to abstract reasoning, however sound, and to note only what is established by observation; so that, as we have said, the general belief among astronomers had been that the stars are distributed throughout space, not in systems, but singly.

In the meantime Sir W. Herschel had turned his attention to the general architecture of the heavens. He had sought in particular to determine the figure of that vast scheme of orbs of which our sun is a member. The method he employed for this purpose was simple in the extreme.

Let it be supposed that the system of stars has definite limits, and that within those limits stars, resembling our sun, are distributed with a certain general uniformity. Then it is quite obvious that, if we look towards those parts of the star-system where the limits are farthest away, we shall see the greatest number of stars, supposing always that our vision reaches to the limits of the system in such directions. So that if we have but a sufficiently powerful telescope to pierce to the very boundary of the star-system, and if we always use the same telescope so as to make sure that we are always dealing with the same range of the heavens, all we need do in order to determine the shape of the star-system is to count the number of stars seen in different directions. Where there are few stars the boundary of the star-system must be relatively near; where many stars are seen the boundary must be far away.

Perhaps not a single reader of these pages needs to be told that it was by applying this method—which he called star-gauging—that Sir W. Herschel was led to the belief that the system of stars is shaped like a cloven flat disc. And we suppose every reader is familiar also with the picture which is introduced into all our books of astronomy to illustrate this theory of the star-system. We have before us, as we write, Sir W. Herschel's own drawing, in the volume of the *Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1785*, and, after a careful reperusal of the accompanying paper, we cannot wonder that a theory so noble in itself, and presented with the simple grandeur of diction which distinguishes Sir W. Herschel's astronomical speculations, should have engaged the earnest attention of astronomers, and should again and again have been referred to or quoted in astronomical treatises. Nor can we greatly wonder that Sir W. Herschel's own confidence should have been shared by those who have presented his theory. "I have now viewed and gauged the Milky Way," he says, "in almost every direction, and find it composed of stars whose number, by the account of these gauges, constantly increases and decreases in proportion to its apparent brightness to the naked eye. That this

shining zone is a most extensive stratum of stars of various sizes admits no longer of the least doubt, and that our sun is actually one of the heavenly bodies belonging to it is as evident."

When to this we add that Sir John Herschel, gauging the depths of the southern heavens, was led to precisely the same conclusions as to the general structure of the Milky Way, it seems impossible not to regard the theory so often presented in our books as involving the definite conclusions of the Herschels respecting the scheme of the fixed stars. Nor is it necessary to add that conclusions thus accepted by the greatest authorities in stellar astronomy that have ever lived, must be such as few students of astronomy would care to call in question.

It will therefore surprise many to be told that, as a matter of fact, seven years had not passed after the elder Herschel had enunciated that theory which has been so often presented in astronomical treatises, and which his own son seems always to have regarded as established, before Sir W. Herschel abandoned the theory as untenable. In the picture and paper of 1785 we find our sun one of innumerable stars, not all equal, indeed, nor spread with mathematical uniformity, but still all comparable with each other in magnitude and distributed with a general approach to uniformity. In 1802 we find Sir W. Herschel regarding our sun as one of a set of stars which he called insulated stars, and the Milky Way as composed of stars wholly different in their nature and arrangement. We quote his own words lest the reader should be disposed to doubt the very possibility that in so many treatises a theory should have been assigned to Sir W. Herschel which he had himself rejected. After saying that our sun, magnificent as its system is, must yet be regarded as only a single individual of the species he denotes by the term insulated star, he presently proceeds:—"To this may be added that the stars we consider as insulated are also surrounded by a magnificent collection of innumerable stars called the Milky Way. For though our sun, and all the stars we see, may truly be said to be in the plane of the Milky Way, yet I am now convinced by a long inspection and continued examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us." And a few pages further on the very principle of the method of star-gauging, and the conclusions as to the shape of the Milky Way, are thus unmistakeably called in question. "In my sweeps of the heavens," says Herschel, "it has been fully ascertained that the brightness of the Milky Way arises only from stars; and that their compression increases in proportion to the brightness of the Milky Way. We may, indeed, partly ascribe the increase both of brightness and of apparent compression, to a greater depth of the space which contains these stars; but this will equally tend to show their clustering condition; for, since the increase of brightness is gradual, the space containing the clustering stars must tend to a spherical form, if the gradual increase of brightness is to be explained by the situation of the stars."

But we cannot rightly understand either the theory which Sir W.

Herschel thus abandoned,* or that by which it was replaced, without considering his researches into objects quite different from the fixed stars.

In ancient times astronomers had noticed five spots on the heavens where a cloudy sort of light could be recognized. These spots they had called "cloudy stars." But not very long after the invention of the telescope several more of these star-cloudlets began to be recognized. Lacaille discovered forty-five in the southern heavens, and Messier, the comet-seeker, made a list of no less than 103. The star-cloudlets or nebulae, known when Sir W. Herschel began his researches, amounted to less than 150. In the year 1786 that astronomer began his contributions to the list of known nebulae by sending a catalogue of no less than 1,000 of these objects to the Royal Society. Three years later he sent in a list of yet another thousand nebulae; and in 1802 (when he was sixty-four years old) another list containing 500 of these objects. In other words, during sixteen years this indefatigable observer noted the places of more than sixteen times as many of these celestial cloudlets as all preceding observers had been able to record. Sir John Herschel, having proposed to himself the task of completing at a southern station the survey of the heavens which his father had commenced, thought it necessary to prepare himself for the work by re-surveying the northern heavens. While thus engaged he discovered 500 nebulae which had escaped his father's notice. Then proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope, he examined those parts of the heavens which had been invisible from his father's northerly observatory, and in 1847 communicated a list of 1708 star-clouds discovered during the progress of this survey. In all, Sir John Herschel discovered no less than 2,208 nebulae, his father having discovered 2,500. As the whole number of known nebulae in our day amounts to but 5,200, it will be seen that more than nine out of every ten known nebulae were discovered by the Herschels.

And here let us pause for a moment to endeavour to realize the fact that more than five thousand of these *clouds* exist within the range of telescopic vision. The number of stars visible to the unaided eye in the whole heavens is about five thousand—that is, on a dark and clear night average eyesight can recognize about 2,500 stars of different orders of brightness. Now suppose that all the stars were suddenly destroyed, the nebulae alone being left, and that at the same time our powers of vision

* The eminent German astronomer, Struve, thus writes respecting Herschel's change of view:—"Remarquons d'abord que, dès 1802, il n'est plus question de la figure de la Voie Lactée dans les recherches de Herschel. Elle n'est plus une strate limitée, car elle est insondable, et il devient impossible d'en embrasser la totalité." And again, "Nous parvenons donc au résultat, peut-être inattendu, mais incontestable, que le système de Herschel, énoncé en 1785, sur l'arrangement de la Voie Lactée, s'écroule de toutes parts, d'après les recherches ultérieures de l'auteur; et que Herschel lui-même l'a entièrement abandonné." Yet an assertion to this effect, made by the present writer in the presence of the Royal Astronomical Society, two years since, was received with obvious signs of incredulity.

were suddenly increased to such an extent that we could see all objects visible in the telescopes with which the Herschels surveyed the heavens. Then we should see about as many faint cloud-like specks of light as would correspond to the number of stars we *now* see. And if, further, the defining powers of the Herschelien telescopes could be given to us, we should recognize in these cloud-like specks all the various orders into which the Herschels divided the nebulae. Here we should see straggling clusters very little condensed in their central portions, there globular clusters so rich in stars as to shine with unspeakable glory—insomuch that it has been well remarked of some of them that no one who beholds them for the first time in a telescope of adequate power can refrain from a shout of rapture. In some regions the oval nebulae, close set with stars or wholly irresolvable, would be seen, in others spiral and ring nebulae, the strange forms of the “dumb bell nebula,” the “crab nebula,” the “key,” the “flight of wild ducks,” nebulous stars, and the planetary nebulae, shown under the power of the great Rosse telescope as among the most fantastic of the celestial cloudlets. While lastly, long irregular streamers and wisps of cloudy light, seemingly shapeless and unintelligible, would be seen in those regions of the heavens where now are seen the constellations Orion and Argo, the Swan and the Archer.

It was these wonderful objects which led Sir W. Herschel to propound the noblest theory of the universe which the world had yet known, or rather (for Lambert and Kant had, in some respects, anticipated Herschel's theoretical considerations), the noblest theory which men had yet attempted to place on an observational basis. He recognized in many of these seeming cloudlets galaxies like our own, like that wonderful scheme of stars, the glories of which he had himself laboured to make known to us. In fact, he called certain of these objects Milky Ways, remarking that many of them “cannot well be less, and are probably much larger, than our own star-system; and being also extended, the inhabitants of the planets which attend the stars which compose them must likewise perceive the same phenomena [that we do]. For which reason these nebulae may be called Milky Ways by way of distinction.”

This conception of more star-systems than the one of which our sun is a member is unspeakably impressive. We are altogether unable, indeed, to form any adequate idea of the relations which we express easily enough in words. There are many ways of presenting the considerations dealt with by Sir W. Herschel, and yet every one of these methods must be regarded as in many respects unsatisfactory. We may consider, on the one hand, the seeming minuteness of the distance separating the stars of a nebula from each other, and then endeavour to realize the fact that that distance, only just rendered appreciable by the magnifying power of the largest telescopes man can construct, is assuredly not less but probably exceeds many hundredfold the distance separating our sun from the neighbouring suns—this last distance being so enormous that it has been calculated that the swiftly-travelling comets which visit us from the inter-

stellar spaces cannot have occupied less than ten millions of years in traversing it. Or again, we may endeavour to picture to ourselves the vastness of the distances which must separate us from these out-lying Milky Ways, when millions of such orbs as our own sun, though all shining at the same time within the field of view of a powerful telescope, yet present only the appearance of a faint milky light which the thinnest haze can blot from our view. Or, lastly—and this, perhaps, affords the most striking means of indicating the grandeur of Herschel's conceptions—we may endeavour to picture the fact that this earth on which we live, and those companion orbs whereof many so largely exceed our earth in mass and volume—the solar system, in fine, which has so often been presented to our contemplation as in itself a sort of universe—would seem a mere point if viewed from the nearest fixed star, and yet that each point of the millions which make up the milky light of a nebula must be regarded (if these conceptions of Sir W. Herschel be just) as the centre of a scheme as vast as the solar system, and possibly far vaster.

Another conception, even more overwhelming, is that of the distances separating these Milky Ways from each other. For vast as are the dimensions of the several Milky Ways, including our own, the distances separating one from another are far vaster—belong, indeed, to a higher order of vastness altogether.

And here the question will suggest itself, What position (according to these views) does our own Milky Way bear among the others? We have already quoted Herschel's opinion as to the dimensions of our galaxy, which he supposed to be far surpassed by those of many other galaxies. But he also came to an opinion as to the relative *age* of our Milky Way, which cannot fail to strike the reader as singularly indicative of the daring originality of his mind. "If it were possible," he says, "to distinguish between the parts of an indefinitely extended whole, the nebula we inhabit might be said to be one which has fewer marks of profound antiquity than the rest. To explain this idea perhaps more clearly, we should recollect that the condensation of clusters of stars has been ascribed to a gradual approach; and whoever reflects on the numbers of ages that must have passed before some of the clusters could be so far condensed as we find them at present, will not wonder if I ascribe a certain air of youth and vigour to many regions of our sidereal stratum."

Sir John Herschel has also exhibited the relations of this theory of external Milky Ways, in passages of a striking nature. In one respect, indeed, he has passed even beyond the limits ranged over by his father's daring ideas, inasmuch that while Sir W. Herschel spoke only of systems of Milky Ways, his son has urged the idea of systems of such systems, and has even suggested the possibility that some of the celestial cloudlets may belong to this higher order. "To us," he says, "the material universe must be regarded as practically infinite, seeing that we can perceive no reason which can place any bounds to the further extension of that principle of systematic subordination which has already been traced to a certain

extent. . . . It by no means follows that all those objects which stand classed under the general designation of 'nebulae' or 'clusters of stars,' and of which the number already known amounts to upwards of five thousand, are objects of the same order. Among those dim and mysterious existences, which only a practised eye, aided by a powerful telescope, can pronounce to be something different from minute stars, may, for anything we can prove to the contrary, be included *systems of a higher order* than that which comprehends all our nebulae (properly such), reduced by immensity of distance to the very last limit of visibility."

But we must distinguish between that which is possible or even probable, and that which the astronomer has been able to demonstrate. If we examine the progress of Sir W. Herschel's researches into the nebulae, we find that side by side with that gradual but, in the end, complete change which we have already noted in his views respecting our own Milky Way, there was an equally gradual, and, in the end, an equally complete change in his ideas respecting the greater number of the celestial cloudlets. Nor will it be difficult to recognize the way in which each change bore upon the other. Nay, it could readily be shown, if this were the place for a close analysis of Herschel's ideas, that the changes in his views (1) as to the nature of double stars; (2) as to the constitution of our star-system; and (3) as to the nature of the nebulae,—were all part and parcel (perhaps unconsciously to himself) of a modification of the principle itself according to which he interpreted his observations.

It may be well, as we have already quoted what he wrote in 1802, when his ideas respecting the Milky Way underwent their most marked modification, to quote the remarks with which, in 1811, he introduced his modified views respecting the general constitution of the heavens. "I find," he says, "that by arranging the nebulae in a certain successive regular order, they may be viewed in a new light, and, if I am not mistaken, an examination of them will lead to consequences which cannot be indifferent to an inquiring mind. If it should be remarked that in this new arrangement I am not entirely consistent with what I have already in former papers said on the nature of some objects that have come under my observation, I must freely confess that by continuing my sweeps of the heavens, my opinion of the arrangement of the stars and their magnitudes, and of some other particulars, has undergone a gradual change; and, indeed, when the novelty of the subject is considered, we cannot be surprised that many things, formerly taken for granted, should on examination prove to be different from what they were generally but incautiously supposed to be. For instance, an equal scattering of the stars may be admitted in certain calculations; but when we examine the Milky Way, or the closely-compressed clusters of stars, this supposed equality of scattering must be given up. We may also have surmised nebulae to be no other than clusters of stars disguised by their very great distance, but a longer experience and better acquaintance with the nature of nebulae will not allow a general admission of such a principle, although undoubtedly a cluster of

stars *may* assume a nebulous appearance when it is too remote for us to discern the stars of which it is composed."

The new views respecting the constitution of the heavens, introduced in this paper, related chiefly to those nebulae which, though otherwise conspicuous, yet when examined even under the highest powers of Sir W. Herschel's largest telescope, presented a milky appearance. He now for the first time expressed the opinion that such nebulae did not consist of multitudes of stars, but of some self-luminous substance of exceeding tenuity. He recognized the existence of this luminous vapour amidst large tracts of the heavens; and he regarded it as certainly lying within the limits of our galaxy, and forming, therefore, part and parcel of its constitution. Nay, more; he stated his belief, and brought strong evidence to show, that this vaporous matter was the substance out of which the stars have been made. He pointed to different milky nebulae which seemed to belong to different stages of growth, from an exceedingly faint and altogether irregular nebulosity, to rounded nebulae, nebulae with faint centres, nebulae with bright centres, nebulae consisting almost wholly of a bright central light (the outer portion being scarcely discernible), and, finally, nebulous stars—this being the last recognizable stage in the progress to actual stars or suns.*

There is something singularly impressive in the ideas suggested by this theory, whether as respects extension in space or duration of time. Of course, in one respect, this new view of certain orders of nebulae implied an enormous diminution of the estimated dimensions of these objects. Taking, for instance, the wonderful mass of nebulous light which seems to cling around the sword of the giant Orion, it will be obvious that if this object were supposed to lie far beyond the limits of our star-system, and to consist of countless millions of suns so far off as not to be separately discernible, the nebula would be an altogether more wonderful object than it becomes on the supposition that it lies within our galaxy, or even *nearer* (as Sir W. Herschel believed) than the stars seemingly immersed in it. In reducing the distance of this object many hundreds of times, Herschel was reducing its vastness many millions of times. But then it is to be noted that in simply ceasing to view this particular nebula as a vast external system of suns, Herschel was by no means seeking to show that no such systems of suns exist outside our galaxy. On the contrary, all the arguments from analogy, on which he had founded his belief in external star-systems, remained unimpaired, as also did much of the observational evidence. And *now* Herschel was showing our galaxy as a much more wonderful scheme than it had hitherto been supposed to be. For, according to these new views, vast as has been the time during which our galaxy has been in existence, it has not yet completely formed itself into

* We purposely omit here any reference to Sir William Herschel's explanation of the so-called planetary nebulae; because neither the explanation itself nor the objections to it would well admit of popular exposition, at least within the space here at our disposal.

stars. Over vast regions belonging to it, enormous masses of nebulous matter are gradually condensing into stars,—single, double, or multiple. The imagination is wholly unable either to conceive the duration of the time-intervals which have been and will be occupied by these wonderful processes, or to picture the stupendous nature of those laboratories of our galaxy, in which its suns have had their genesis.

Nothing is more remarkable, perhaps, in the history of scientific theories than the circumstance that while Sir W. Herschel's theory of self-luminous vapour existing within the limits of the galaxy is very commonly spoken of, the actual fact that he thus anticipated one of the most remarkable discoveries of recent times, seems almost wholly overlooked. Again and again, in books of astronomy and in scientific papers, Dr. Huggins's great discovery that many of the nebulae are vast agglomerations of glowing gas, is spoken of as strikingly opposed to the views of Sir W. Herschel. The circumstance is, indeed, of a piece with the fact to which we have already referred—that ideas respecting the Milky Way, which Herschel was the first to reject, are still presented as confidently as though they were the fruits of his matured experience.*

What was really overthrown by Dr. Huggins's discovery, was the opinion, which had been gradually gaining ground, that Sir W. Herschel had been mistaken. For instance, Professor Grant, in one of the finest works on astronomy which the last quarter of a century has produced, wrote thus: "Notwithstanding the ingenuity of illustration and the incontestable force of reasoning by which Sir W. Herschel sought to establish his bold hypothesis, it has not received that confirmation from the labours of subsequent inquirers which is so remarkable in the case of many of the other speculations of that great astronomer. In fact, the greater the optical power of the telescope with which the heavens are surveyed, the more strongly do the results tend to produce the impression that all nebulae are in reality vast aggregations of stars, which assume a nebulous aspect only because the telescope with which they are observed in each instance is not sufficiently powerful to resolve them into stars. Sir John Herschel himself, notwithstanding that tendency to reverence his father's dicta which has seemed so reprehensible to one biographer, was disposed to entertain the same opinion; for he says, 'it may very reasonably be doubted whether there is any essential physical distinction between' clusters of stars and those nebulae which his father regarded as composed of a shining nebulous fluid, and whether such distinction as there is 'be anything else than one of degree, arising merely from the excessive minuteness and multitude of the stars, of which the latter, as compared with the former, consist.'"[†]

* Well may Struve ask, "Ne serait-il pas temps que l'Angleterre se décide à honorer la mémoire de son plus grand astronome, par une édition complète et systématique de ses œuvres?"

† Lest the present writer should seem to dwell unduly here on the mistakes of men so eminent in their several degrees as Professor Grant and Sir John

But during Sir John Herschel's researches in the southern heavens, evidence of a very significant nature was obtained concerning this very question. We do not hesitate, indeed, to say that the facts now about to be described throw more light on the question of external Milky Ways than any which astronomical observation has yet revealed.

In the southern skies there are two strange patches of milky light which have long been known by sailors as the Magellanic Clouds, because Magellan was the first voyager who recorded their existence. Astronomers, however, usually call these objects the *Nubeculæ*. Both are nearly round, and their light, when they are viewed with the unaided eye, corresponds exactly with that of the Milky Way in regions of medium brightness.

We owe to Sir John Herschel the first systematic survey of these interesting objects. The result is full of interest. In one respect telescopic scrutiny shows that the Magellanic Clouds resemble the Milky Way in constitution; for scattered over both clouds are myriads of stars of all magnitudes from the eighth downwards. But also there are numbers of nebulae within the limits of both clouds, whereas the ground of the Milky Way is singularly free from true nebulae. Nor are the nebulae in the Magellanic Clouds so spread that we can attribute their appearance within the limits of the clouds to accident, or judge their real position to be (conceivably) far out in space beyond the myriads of stars just referred to. On the contrary, the space all round both the Magellanic Clouds is singularly free as well from stars as from nebulae. To use Sir John Herschel's own striking expression, "the access to the nubeculae on all sides is through a desert." No doubt, then, can remain that the nebulae seen in the Magellanic Clouds are within the same region of space as the small stars seen along with them.

Now let the reader carefully note the significance of these facts. The reasoning by which that significance is deduced is exceedingly simple; but the result is of the utmost importance.

Each of the Magellanic Clouds, as we have said, is nearly round. Now when an object appears round the most probable opinion we can form respecting the object's shape is that it is globular. An object which is not globular *may* appear circular, as for instance, an egg, a roller, or the like, looked at endwise, or a coin looked at in a direction square to its flat surfaces. But we know that if an egg, or a roller, or a coin, were held in a random position, the chances would be against that position being such that the egg, or roller, or coin would present its round aspect, so to speak. And clearly, therefore, if we know nothing about a certain object but that it appears round, we must accept as probable the belief

Herschel, he quotes his own opinion as recorded in 1865 on the same subject. After defining "Herschel's Nebular Theory," he said respecting it that "modern discoveries do not favour it. It appears probable that with sufficient telescopic power, all nebulae would be resolvable into stars." Scarcely had these words been published when he received from Dr. Huggins the account of the spectroscopic discovery that the Orion nebula, and several others, are composed of glowing gas.

that it is globular.* This conclusion, which would be justly arrived at in the case of one object, is much strengthened when two objects of the same general aspect, but quite independent of each other, *both* appear to be round. We cannot reasonably doubt, then, that the region of space occupied by each Magellanic Cloud approaches to the globular form.

But if the Magellanic Clouds are globular objects, we can tell the relative limits of distance between which all objects in either cloud must lie. To illustrate our meaning, let us take the sun's globe. One point of that globe is nearer to us than any other, and one point is farther away than any other. The nearest point is that which appears to lie at the centre of the solar disc, the farthest would appear to occupy exactly the same position, if the sun were a transparent globe. Now we can tell how much farther *relatively* the latter point is than the former, without at all considering the *actual* distance of the sun. The sun might be only a thousand miles away, or a thousand billions of miles, and yet the relative distances of these two points would be the same. As a matter of fact, if the distance of the nearest point of the sun's globe is called one hundred, then the distance of the farthest is slightly less than a hundred and one. Precisely the same reasoning applies to each of the Magellanic Clouds, only the relative distances are not the same as in the sun's case, because the Magellanic Clouds both cover a much larger portion of the sky than the sun does. In the case of the larger Magellanic Cloud, it is easily shown that if the distance of the nearest part of that globe-shaped cluster be called *nine*, the distance of the farthest part must be about *ten*. In the case of the smaller, the distance of the farthest part is yet more nearly equal to that of the nearest part.

We have, then, this altogether unexpected result, that, so far as the nebulae in the Magellanic Clouds are concerned, we have not to deal with galaxies external to our system, but with objects mixed up with stars

* We have an instance of this sort of reasoning in the case of the moon. We know nothing certainly about the shape of the moon regarded as a solid, for we only see her under one aspect. So far as abstract possibilities are concerned, the moon, as seen under certain aspects from Venus, might present the shape of an egg, or even of a diamond. Still we conclude that the moon is a globe, because she presents the aspect which a globe, and a globe only, presents in all positions. (Lately astronomers have indeed seen reason for questioning this conclusion; but our present argument is not affected by the circumstance.) But now let us conceive a case directly illustrating the argument dealt with above. Suppose a certain fruit of unknown nature is held in such a position, and at such a distance, that all we can recognize of its aspect is its seeming outline, and that this outline is round. We should regard it as probable that the fruit is globular. Now if a second specimen were similarly held up (in a random position) and seen to be also round, we should be very strongly confirmed in our opinion, and the mathematical theory of probabilities shows us that this naturally deduced conclusion is a just one. For instance, suppose — to use our ordinary modes of expression — that the odds are three to one against an egg-shaped fruit appearing round (under such circumstances as are dealt with above), then the odds against two such egg-shaped fruits appearing round would be no less than fifteen to one.

of the eighth magnitude—that is, with stars which had always been regarded by astronomers as lying far nearer to us than the outskirts of the star-system. “It must be taken as a demonstrated fact” says Sir John Herschel, “that stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude” (that is, stars only just beyond the limits of the unaided vision), “and irresolvable nebulae,” (that is, objects which had been supposed to lie hundreds of times farther away than the outermost bounds of our own star-system), “may co-exist within limits of distance not differing in proportion more than as nine to ten, a conclusion which must inspire some degree of caution in admitting *as certain* many of the consequences which have been rather strongly dwelt upon” in the treatment of the elder Herschel’s researches.

Now it may seem highly venturesome to press this conclusion more earnestly than Sir John Herschel himself has seemed willing to do. Yet we must not forget that it was a peculiarity of Sir John Herschel’s mode of dealing with such matters, that he did not press facts home very strongly. He had not, indeed, a firm grasp of facts. Again and again in his published works we find him reasoning in absolute forgetfulness—or as if in absolute forgetfulness—of facts he had already demonstrated or admitted. He differed in this most markedly from his father, who never once let go his grasp of a fact. Both these great men had a light hold of theories, but the elder Herschel had at the same time a vice-like hold of facts,—Sir John Herschel not unseldom let them slip through his fingers.

We therefore confidently urge the “demonstrated fact” spoken of by Sir John Herschel, as “a conclusion which must inspire” something more than “caution in admitting” the consequences which had been supposed to flow from the elder Herschel’s studies of such irresolvable nebulae as he did not consider to be gaseous. Sir W. Herschel had judged that multitudes of these nebulae must be external Milky Ways; the “demonstrated fact” is that a large group of such nebulae happening to be so placed that their distance (relatively to isolated stars) can be estimated, are *not* external galaxies, but much nearer to us than many parts of our own galaxy. In the only cases in which we *can* judge, these star-cloudlets are found *not* to be external star-systems; is not this a ground for something more than caution as to the theory that in the other cases, where we have no means of judging, such star-cloudlets are *certainly* external star-systems? Take any really parallel case and the answer to this question will be obvious. Suppose a botanist had asserted his belief that all the plants presenting certain characteristic features were poisonous, no evidence beyond the existence of those features being at the time available, and that at length some person made actual experiment on ten or twelve orders of plants having such features, and found that they certainly were *not* poisonous—would not this demonstrated fact dispose entirely of the reasoning, however ingenious it might be, on which the general theory of the poisonous nature of such plants had been supposed to be established?

Would it not be a fair inference that the untried orders were at least *probably* innocuous? And would it not be thought strange if a botanist, commenting on the discovery that all the as yet tried orders of plants having certain characteristics were innocuous, were to say, "This demonstrated fact must inspire some degree of caution in admitting *as certain* the conclusion that the remaining orders of such plants are poisonous." We yield to none in our respect for the great astronomer whose loss science is now deploring. We entertain most strongly the opinion that he was far the greatest astronomer of our time; but truth compels us to say that in his mode of dealing with demonstrated facts, and especially in this particular instance, he was, to say the least, not so happy as his father. He seems almost to have regretted to see certain questions pass beyond the field of controversy into the domain of the known.

But, after all, how aptly this "demonstrated fact" of Sir John Herschel's fits in with the work of his father! When we note how the views of the elder Herschel had been gradually modified, and the course on which the progression of his theories had led him, we see that the fact discovered by the younger Herschel was only somewhat in advance of the point reached by the father, but lies strictly in the direction along which he had been progressing up to the very close of his career. Sir W. Herschel had modified his views about unequal double stars—concluding that the fainter orb is physically associated with the brighter one, instead of lying far beyond it. He had modified his views as to star-groups of various order. He had given up the idea that our star-system can be gauged—regarding the great cloud-masses of the Milky Way as real clustering aggregations of stars, instead of depths extending far out into space and owing their seeming richness only to such extension. He had come to regard many star clusters as part and parcel of the Milky Way, and large numbers of nebule as vaporous masses lying far within its limits. It seems impossible to question how *he*, at least, would have regarded the discovery made by his son. He would have felt, we conceive, that so far as the evidence went, the sole remaining objects which could till then be regarded as external galaxies, must no longer be so regarded,—that *these*, like so many objects which he had himself dealt with, must be looked upon as among the wonders of our own star-depths. Nor do we think that in arriving at this conclusion, in making this further advance along the road which he had already traversed so far, he would have judged that he was adopting views in any respect less wonderful or less awe-inspiring than those grand, yet mistaken, theories, in which hundreds of other Milky Ways had figured. On the contrary he would have felt that in obtaining an enhanced estimate of the extent, variety, and vitality of our own star-system, we were at the same time being led to form nobler opinions as to the myriads of other star-systems which doubtless exist, though, as yet, no telescope has revealed them to our contemplation.

Under the Mountains.

WHEN one speaks of a Swiss lake with blue-green water clear as the very sunlight, deepening here and there into strange, profound shadows, with mountains rising out of it, mountain behind mountain, until far away the eye rests upon the crown of everlasting snow, with flashes of brilliant colours, boats with red-striped awnings, pomegranates flaming in great green tubs before the houses, little villages nestling among walnut-trees close to the water's edge, and odd little churches with graceful red spires or tall cupola-like towers in the midst of them—everybody knows which lake it is. People come down to Lucerne from the heart of the great Alps, a little disposed to quarrel with it for having no great Alps of its own, for being a town, for being hot, for being, in fact, something different from a brown chalet up in the sweet breezy mountain pastures; but there is no withstanding its influence. You may grumble for a day or two, and then you give way for ever. You knew it all before, and yet there is a witchery entirely unexpected—the form of the mountains, the vivid colouring, the water-towers, the quaint crooked covered bridges, and wicked old Pilatus muttering to himself above them, or drawing down pink lightning. The Lion, of which photographs and hard little carvings had sickened you, is, after all, unutterably pathetic in his rocky cavity. There he has stretched himself in the agony of dying—of dying in the prime of power; tremendous strength is still apparent in the great, outstretched paw, the magnificent head, but it is yielding to the cruel buried spear. The claws relax, the eyes close with a terrible look of anguish, the noble head, massive and kinglike, droops on the shield which bears the Bourbon lily for its crest—he has fought to the death, and only in the powerlessness of that death shall the lily be torn from his faithful hold. The photographs may have sickened you, but you forget them all before this most touching of tributes.

Something had happened one day to bring the country people into the town. Perhaps it was one of the annual fêtes. At all events, they had poured in from the little villages, and the place looked the brighter for the intermingling of costumes which the townsfolk have too much discarded. All the day long there had been a coming and going across the old covered bridges, through the narrow, rudely-paved streets, or under the shade of the trees which divide the great crowded hotels from the green water palpitating under the wall. Now the great heat of the day was diminishing, the hubbub became less cheerfully busy; there were long shadows on the lake, exquisitely tender opal tints upon the mountains, and a softening of the intense metallic blue of the sky. People walked about with a dreamy

look of content upon their faces, as if the beauty had taken hold of their souls.

By-and-by it seemed that knots of persons were strolling in the direction of the cathedral, going slowly up the long shallow steps which lead to the west door, paying their money, entering, and scattering themselves about the church. No service was going on; it was the hour during which the famous organ was daily played, and all the *table-d'hôte* dinners accommodated themselves to this fancy of the English to go and hear it. When the cathedral was pretty full, the music began, the organist pulled out a whole forest of stops; there were great crashes and rain, thunderings and hailstorms. Suddenly a pause. Every one held their breath, and then, as it seemed from some far-away distance, swelled up a soft processional hymn—the famous *vox humana* stop which all the world goes to hear. It was not a solitary voice, but a chorus, sometimes a little veiled, in which one could distinguish the high treble of the boys, the tenors striking in, and the deep bass undertones. Betweenwhiles the organist would indulge in his crashes and tempests, and then the calm voices would come in again, soothing it all.

A girl and a young man had stood motionless by a pillar the whole time it lasted. She was a pretty girl with fair hair plaited thickly, twisted round and round, and fastened up with a silver arrow. She never once looked at her companion, but he watched her eyes softening or glowing with the music as it changed, and when it ceased, he ventured to draw a little nearer to her, and to say in a subdued tone,—“Else!”

She did not answer except by a kind of impatient gesture, which had the effect of keeping him silent for a few minutes longer, when he repeated more timidly,—“Best Else; the uncle will want us to be going. The church is nearly cleared.” She turned quickly upon him.

“Ah, heaven, Christian,” she said, with a touch of childish petulance, “now thou hast spoilt it all! I had it in my heart, and thy foolish words have frightened it out. Dost thou suppose that such music as this comes to one every day, that it need be driven away? Do hold thy peace.”

The young man looked at her with a little sad wonder, but without answering the impetuous tirade whispered under her breath. Nothing could be more ungrateful of Else. It was Christian's thoughts of giving joy to his beloved which had brought her there. Christian's uncle was sacristan, and he had undergone sour looks enough from the old fellow—who hated lovers—to have turned a whole dairy-full of cream, before he got liberty to come in with the crowd and hear the famous organ. All the time he had left her to herself, only watching the little fair head and the rapturous eyes, in which every change in the music reflected itself. He could not understand it, but he revered it none the less. And now her hasty words smote him with a sort of dull pain. He only answered them with a wistful, humble look, which ought to have touched her, but which was, perhaps, as much beyond her comprehension as the music was beyond his. After a while, however, her heart reproached her. It was a foolish,

dreamy little heart, nevertheless there lay in its depths a tenderness which hated to give pain, and already she repented of her pettishness to poor Christian—Christian, who cared so much for her—Christian, who blundered a hundred times a day, and was so good all the time. She went up to him penitently and put her hand on his arm. "It is time to go, as thou sayest," was all she vouchsafed; but Christian was radiant. Cross old Hermann, who watched them out of the door and into the cloisters, shook his head sulkily. "Women should be at home milking the cows, but the boy's a fool, and his father was another, and they think nothing too good for a baby face with enough pink and white in it," grumbled the old man, slamming the heavy door.

The crowd as it left the cathedral dispersed on all sides, the English went back to the hotels and the *tables-d'hôte*; a party of Germans, talking noisily, strolled along under the trees towards the steamer; Christian followed Else when she turned into the cloisters, and stood by her side looking out through one of the openings at the lake and the mountains beyond.

"Ah! but it was heavenly," she cried rapturously. "I will never believe it was not real. I think they had put the choir up there in some hidden recess."

"No, no, that is not so," answered Christian, shaking his head. "The deceit would be soon found out. Besides, the uncle mocked me well when I thought as thou once upon a time."

This matter-of-fact tone provoked Else. "Thou art too wise," she retorted satirically. Poor Christian thought it was a little bit of praise, and went on,— "It is sweet though, as thou said'st. It sounded to me as if it might be angels' music."

"That it is not," cried the girl, pettish again; "and nobody but thou would be so stupid as to say so. Angels' singing would not have had so much to do with ourselves, would not have gone straight into the hearts; it would have made us wonder and worship, but not feel like that. It was not sweet enough for angels. Dost thou not understand, Christian, that it was like the face in the pictures under the bridge which I showed thee to-day—one of us, only more beautiful—thou knowest which I mean?"

"The—the Abbot?" hazarded Christian, thus driven to bay.

"The Abbot!"

Else turned away from him, and drummed with her fingers on the stone. The poor fellow had put the last touch to her displeasure. He was so dense he could never understand anything.

"I am a real blockhead at all this sort of thing, I know," he said, looking at her wistfully; but she was not mollified. She went away out of the cloisters, where the sun was shining on the graves, and Christian walked after her down to the little pier. All the boats were drawn up in bright red, blue, and green files. Else stepped majestically into one not so gay as the rest, and clumsily built. On the seat there lay a withered

bunch of the mountain forget-me-not. The poor things had been scorched all day by the sun, and, with a naughty intention of vexing Christian, who had gathered them, Else caught them up and dropped them into the water. When she had done it she looked quickly at him under her long eyelashes; but Christian, although he had seen the little action, did not guess the motive. Since the flowers were dead, it was best they should be thrown away. All the vexation she had desired to create recoiled upon Else. She would not even look at him, but sat with her head turned away, her eyes upon the opposite shore, and her hand over the side of the boat, letting the beautiful clear blue-green water ripple through her fingers, while Christian, with a few powerful strokes, sent his boat out from among the little fleet of vessels towards the middle of the lake.

Poor Christian! Else need not have tried to give him more pain than was just now aching in his heart. He could understand her looks and words well enough when she wanted to show him whether or not he was in favour, although to find reasons for her quick changes of mood baffled him. Perhaps that was no wonder. Nor would it have much mattered, but that Else, with her impetuous girlish unreasonableness, expected him to keep pace with them all. It had been the same before their betrothal, and it was the same now; perhaps a little more strongly the same, if there was any difference whatever. The other young men laughed when they saw his kind steadfast face clouded, but Else, foolish child, liked to feel her power and to wield it. He looked at her sadly as they sat together in the boat, and lingered over his vigorous strokes that he might watch the sweet little head turned away from him, with its shining plaits of hair, the fair throat, the rounded arm, all so inexpressibly dear, and yet so naughty in its wilfulness. He had hoped somehow that the music which had so delighted would have softened her to him, instead of raising this irritation. He did not, in truth, understand her temperament, but he never doubted its superiority, and he had taught Else by his homage to believe it too. A looker-on would have longed for something which should shake her into a true perception of the noble humility which raised him far above her. No such shock, however, had come; Christian Amrhein was in Else's eyes as good and as dear as if he had been her brother, and as stupid as the cows she milked morning and evening; but as her mother, Wittwe Rothler, was very poor, and wanted him for a son-in-law, Else had consented to marry him. This she was persuaded would make him perfectly happy; while for herself—it is difficult to say what sort of an inner life she made out in her dreams. He had not much part in it, except as he was mixed up with the cattle and the dairy. Nevertheless, she expected him to be entirely content.

Christian lingered over his strokes, as has been said, for, although it pained him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of watching her. Evening was drawing on, the boat rippled gently over the soft green water, all round the quiet mountains kept their sentinel watch, the trees took sombre colours, the graceful spires of the cathedral rose high above

the other buildings, a little light twinkled from the Righi-Kulm, a stronger one from the summit of Pilatus flung a quivering line upon the lake, soon more lights flashed out at Lucerne, stars shone overhead, innumerable golden streaks broke the still surface of the water, the great bell boomed out from the cathedral, and everything was indescribably soft and peaceful.

Else's nature was too impressionable to remain unaffected by the beautiful repose. She knew she had been cross, and as she felt the anger dying out of her heart she thought she was conquering it, whereas she was only allowing herself to be conquered by a new set of feelings. The boat glided smoothly along, past one green promontory after the other; once or twice another boat came near them.

"Dear heaven, how pretty it is!" said Else, clapping her hands softly. She knew that Christian's face would brighten, as it did; only there still remained behind a sadness which she did not see. Once or twice, imperceptibly, he shook his head, even while a tender smile at her vagaries rested on his lips. For the girl had fallen into a playful mood, which lasted until he had brought the boat under the landing-place of one of the little villages which stud the borders of the lake, and she had sprung on shore, laughing, before he had time so much as to hold out his hand.

"Good evening, Herr Amrhein," she called out merrily, darting away from the water's edge. He stood upright, watching her vanish into the dusky shadows of the houses, then turned round with a sigh, and began to tie up the boat.

Christian Amrhein and Wittwe Rothler lived within a stone's-throw of each other. The little village, after making a bold front by the water's edge, and showing off its best inn with green shutters, and great tubs of oleanders, and creamy-white, heavy-scented daturas ranged along under the balcony, ran backwards and upwards towards the mountain in a kind of straggling picturesqueness. A little stream danced merrily down over a rocky bed; the houses were chiefly of wood, all had rough sun-shutters, and they lay in a pretty fanciful setting of tiny gardens, meadows of long grass bright with pink and blue flowers, and great walnut and cherry trees dotted thickly about. These jewelled meadows were kept for the hay-crop; the goats and cows were up in the Sennen Alps, finding their summer pastures. This year they had been unusually delayed. The winter had returned again and again, snow had fallen on the mountains at a time when old Wilhelm Stürm, the oldest peasant of the commune, declared it to have been hitherto unknown; since then, cold bleak weather had kept the snow from melting, until suddenly a burst of glorious sunshine brought on the backward season with fairy-like rapidity. The lupins were springing up lithe and tall, the flax developing, all the dairies in activity, the walnut-mills set in order, the schools broken up. Every one was hard at work, digging, herding, or making butter and cheeses. Else had been with the other girls at the pasturage, for Wittwe Rothler had but one cow, and her produce went into the common stock;

at the end of the season there would be a division of cheese and butter among all the proprietors, according to the report of the inspectors. Christian's cows were on the Alps with the rest, and his mother and sister and two stout girls of the household besides, but he himself had his own work on the farm to do. Else, who was under Frau Amrhein's care, came down for a few days, because her mother was ailing and wanted her; and then, in the midst of all the sweet busy pastoral work, Christian contrived this little holiday for his beloved. She had long desired to go to Lucerne and to hear the famous organ, and he could not resist giving her the pleasure, although Hans and Karl grumbled at losing his strong hand. He thought it would be altogether delightful to row her across the lake and to see her happy face of surprise.

And now it seemed as if there had been a great deal that was not delight mingled with it.

Never before had he been so conscious of a wall between himself and Else. Somehow or other, in the daily life of labour familiar to them both, it had not been so apparent. She was often vexed because, she said, he did not understand her, and he had been vexed with himself; but the little shadows came and went like the soft mists that curled round the mountain ridges opposite, and through them all he never lost sight of the quiet tranquil life that he believed to be behind them. Now he began to doubt whether it might not be a land of storms after all—storms which would rend and sadden his bright quick-natured Else. Her happiness perhaps lay in a world where he could never join her: how could souls so separated ever unite? He thought of it sadly without one tinge of bitterness; his serious sweet temper never resented her little fits of impatience, but with all the humility which accepted slights from her hand, he possessed also a solid common-sense, which kept him from sinking into a false position. Else had consented to marry him, but if he were not clever enough for her to love, such a marriage should never be.

He had come out of his house, and walked through a meadow ankle-deep in grass and flowers, up towards the little torrent, thinking these thoughts as he went. Ideas did not come to him very quickly; it cost him time to put together what it only takes a few words to write, and it cost him more than time to put such ideas as these together. Just as he reached a spot where a rough trough carried off some of the clear, sparkling, rushing water towards a meadow on the other side of the village, he saw Else. She had come out from her mother's cottage, and, seeing Christian, she stopped. A very ugly old woman standing at the door called to him in a loud, good-humoured voice.

"So, so, go along together, you two. She is in good hands if she is in thine, Christian. Art thou off to the pasture, too?"

"No," he said, with a little wonder. "Is Else returning already?"

"Do not fear, she shall come down again," said the old woman, nodding her brown face, with all the scanty hair strained off it. "I must keep her yet for a day or two, for I do not know what is the matter

with me. A mill-wheel has got into my head, I believe. But Maria Walther is wanted to see her sister who is back from Strasbourg, and Else offered to go for her. What brings thee away from the farm?"

"The stream is higher than usual," said Christian, not answering her question, "and this hot sun melts the snows too fast. The cottage is safe here, mother, at any rate," he added, looking round him a little anxiously.

"Safe? Ha, ha!" laughed the old woman. "The cottage is as safe as the church. Look to thyself, Christian. The farm will soon be in the lake if we swim there."

"Yes; if one begins, the other will quickly go after it," Christian assented, in his grave matter-of-fact tone. He walked a little further up, where a great walnut-tree flung a dark circle of shade upon the golden brightness of the meadow. Else, who had taken no part in her mother's conference, followed him with her eyes.

"Was ever such a one? He would arrange for next year's harvest," said Wittwe Rothler, still laughing, and shaking her broad shoulders.

"Yes, and how much weight of butter must hang then on the wooden pins," Else added, with a touch of contempt, which her mother either did not notice, or to which she was accustomed.

Christian came back with his firm, springy step. "There is a good deal of water, but not too much. Come, Else."

"Art thou going then?" she asked, wearily.

He stood and looked at her for a moment before he answered. She wore a dark stuff skirt, short, with an ornamental bodice; the sombre-coloured material set off her fair face, the shining light hair, and the gleaming silver arrow among the plaits. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes, and yet it struck him with a sharp intolerable pang.

"Yes, I am going—this once," he muttered under his breath, so that Else did not hear. The two went away together up the steep path between the walnut-trees; Wittwe Rothler watched them with satisfaction.

"A fine couple, yes, a fine couple," she said, turning back into the little green-shuttered house, with its window-boxes full of gay flowers. "And to think I was once as pretty as my girl!"

It was true, although no one would have believed it.

The two, going away together, walked side by side, silently. All the imaginative part in Else's nature had been quickened and thrilled by the music of the day before—the strange, sweet human voices answering the crash of the tempest. She wanted some vent for her feeling; Christian could not understand it, and she wished him away and herself alone with the grass, the trees, and the rushing torrent. So she was silent. And he had a purpose which made him draw his breath tightly, and crush down the passionate leaping of his heart with a stern determination not often excited in him. It kept him from speaking for a while. They went up a scrambling path into an open space, and then through a sort of fir-glade. The stream hurried and flung itself along, the fir-trees stood

steadfastly up against a deep cloudless sky, the clear air was fragrant with the aromatic scent of pines, of mountain flowers, and young oak ferns; high up they heard the tinkle of cow-bells, or a wild weird jödel echoing away among the hills. Here in the warm sunlight, with Else by his side, it seemed to Christian, poor fellow, as if a subtle, delicious charm was about him. And yet, although they were together, were they not separated?

"He is thinking of the brook," said Else to herself, glancing at him and yawning.

Unfortunately at this moment, Christian's thoughts did take that turn.

"Certainly the snows must be melting fast," he said, meditatively.

"Always the same!" thought the young girl, provoked. Aloud, she said, with a certain defiance, "I wish they would melt faster."

"Then the stream would overflow."

"Why not?"

"And the crops at least would be spoiled," said Christian, with increasing gravity.

"At all events that would make a little variety."

He looked at her in mute wonder. To propound such a sentiment was so utterly out of nature that Christian forgot his perplexities in sheer amazement.

"It would!" she burst out, passionately. "I am sick of hearing but one subject from morning till night. Are there no creatures in this beautiful world but cows and goats? Is it to be always the same, always the same? Ah, dear heaven, what is this to live for? I wish I were dead," she cried, suddenly stopping in her rapid walk. But the moment he approached her she started on again. "No, Christian, no, my friend," she said, more kindly than she had yet spoken, "thou canst not understand. I do not know what ails me to-day—I am tired—cross—it is nothing." And then in a very undignified fashion she began to cry.

Christian was very pale. Else's trouble was more petulance than sorrow—the complex, unreasonable working of a girl's fanciful nature—but in his eyes it was all deep and sacred, and it moved him inexpressibly. If only he might have comforted her in any way but this! What would he have given to have taken his dear one to his pitiful heart and hushed her sobs in his arms. Alas, was it not rather the putting her far from him that only could give her what she wanted?

"Else," he said, in a low voice, which made her look suddenly at him, and turn a little pale, too—it is not very often in a life-time that a heart speaks without any veil between us and it, but when it does, it compels us to listen,—“something ails thee, what is it?”

"I do not know," she answered, in a tone as low as his own. She had so long been accustomed to think of Christian as unable to understand anything below the surface, that she wondered a little over his discovery. And her words were true, she did not really know what was the matter with her. "I do not know," she repeated dreamily, keeping her face turned away.

"I can tell," said Christian, sadly; "my love is too heavy a burden for thee. We have known each other always, and so I fancied thou mightest have cared enough for me to be happy if we were husband and wife. That was my mistake," said the poor fellow, with his straightforward humility. "I might have guessed I was not clever enough for thee. I have come with thee to-day to tell thee thou art free——" Then he stopped. He meant to have said more, but something choked him.

As for Else, she was startled altogether, startled and, it must be confessed, a little piqued. A certain pleasant sense of freedom flashed upon her, it is true. She had been fretting against her chains, and, behold, they were suddenly lifted off. But then—that Christian could do without her! She raised her head and walked on steadily under the fir-trees.

"What have I done to displease?" she said, with a certain defiant hardness in her tone.

"Displease!" he cried passionately. And then checking himself, he went on gravely. "I have thought it before, but only yesterday I knew it. But, Else, it is natural. I saw yesterday how thy heart was all full of beautiful thoughts which I could not reach, and then it grieved thee. If it grieves thee now, it would be a hundred times worse when we were married. We should live apart—it would be no true marriage."

She glanced at him hurriedly. She had not believed that he could think or speak as he was speaking now, for his was a reticent nature, requiring a strong force to bring his thoughts to the surface. There is often a humiliation in finding out how we have looked down upon such natures, which, after all, have depths beyond us. Else had not yet realized this—perhaps she was yet too much of a child to realize any power that was latent—but she felt sorry for poor Christian; more sorry for him than glad over her own liberty, and thinking of his trouble, she said slowly,

"Perhaps. But thou?"

She got no answer. He might not have been able to trust himself to speak; this at least was how she read his silence. A storm of conflicting feelings rushed through her heart—it was as he said, she felt her dreams, her imaginings, to be far above him; she lived in a world which she believed to be as high out of his reach as the snowy summits yonder were beyond the lowly goatherd. She nursed her solitude until it became dreary and barren. But all the time, beneath these grand aspirations there lay a tender womanliness, hating to cause pain. Else felt like a queen descending, nevertheless she would step down from her throne. Christian's self-sacrifice should not make him miserable. She stood still and put out her hands to him with a pretty girlish shamefacedness.

"Let it stay as it is, Christian; I am content."

He took her hands—took them very tenderly in his. But he did not break out into the glad exclamations she expected, and when she glanced at him in a little reproachful wonder he shook his head gently. She could only suppose that he did not understand—as usual.

"Why?" she asked eagerly. "For my sake?"

"No; for my own."

She coloured crimson now, and struggled to withdraw her hands. But he held them tight, tighter than he knew.

"Let me go, let me go, Christian," she cried angrily. She would have fled up the mountain if he had released her.

"Wait till thou hast only heard," he said, with a determination which had its influence: "it is right thou shouldst understand. What I said was not all unselfish. Else, it was not only to release thee from thy burden, I thought of myself too. The husband must be first in the household, and in ours he would be the second. Thou dear one, thou couldst never be anything but kind and good and mild, but all the time thou wouldst look down on me in thy heart, and I should know it in mine. There could be no happiness for either of us. Look," he said, smiling a little grave sad smile, "thou art like the beautiful clear water that rushes down, evermore down to the lake, and I am like the great dull stone it dashes over."

He let go her hands as he spoke, his eyes fastened themselves on her face as if to drink in the happiness he was renouncing—with a spring like a deer she darted from him, and ran up the steep path.

She ran until she was breathless. When she ventured to look round she was alone, he had not followed her; the fir-trees were left behind, she was in the open again, a hot sun striking down, bright flowers flashing out from the grass. Else walked on, weary and panting, until she found at last a solitary beech under which to fling herself; rest it could scarcely be called, so great was the storm in her heart. Quite unconsciously Christian had grievously wounded her pride. For all these months she had flattered herself with the idea that although the full treasure of her love was beyond his reach, he would be more than content with the little grains she might vouchsafe to let fall for him. She had been so accustomed to the homage of his simple true-hearted affection that it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to have it lavished at her feet, and to return the gift as scantily as she pleased. It never struck her that the consciousness of something lacking should have been felt by him no less than by her—that he did not accept it as the natural result of their engagement. All the want, all the wrong, all the self-pity had been on her side—for herself: she had believed the poor return she offered for his heart to be a priceless treasure to him, and—he rejected it! Tears of shame and hurt pride ran down her face. Luckily, although she was a foolish spoilt child, there were sweet womanly depths in her heart, which answered to the awakening touch when it came at last; she was soon crying, not so much for her first mortification as for the vanity that had blinded her. "Ah, heaven, what am I, what am I," sobbed poor little Else, "that I should have set myself up so!" It was a genuine little burst of humility, but it seemed likely to overwhelm her. Never had Christian spoken so well, looked so manly, never, ah, never, been half so dear, as now when

he was lost for ever! She strained her eyes along the path up which she had run; perhaps he might be following her, he would see she was sorry—ah, no!—With a sudden access of shame she sprang from her seat, and ran again, higher up, where he should not find her, and only the Alpen-rosen and the fragrant fir-trees should look at her with kind pitying eyes.

Else came down from the pastures, Christian Amrhein went about his farm, and no one as yet knew of any change in the two—it remained a secret between them; and there was another secret which they did not even share with each other—the sorrow from which each was suffering. “She is happy again now,” Christian would say to himself with a sigh, all the while vigorously cutting away at the flowery grass as if he had no other thought in life. “He will soon be betrothed to Anna Lenz,” mused Else. How little we know of the hearts even of our dearest. It is a vague shadowy spirit-land where we set up our own fancies for inhabitants, and act towards them as we would never act if only we saw the truth. Sometimes we get a glimpse of it, and are shocked at what we have done. But generally we are content to talk of misunderstandings.

Wittwe Rothler knew no more than the rest of the world. Christian had not been to the house, it was true; but to her practical soul, hay-making was more important than love-making any day. She was ill, too, and Else was glad to remain in the house and attend to her, rather than risk a meeting with Christian. It would come before long, she knew: the little village was too small for neighbours to avoid each other, and the poor have not the luxury of the rich—departure. Such an idea never entered the young farmer's head. I do not even know whether to such home-loving souls it would not have been even a fresh trouble instead of a relief; at any rate, he would stay, work, when his time came, die, and be buried in the little churchyard with its wooden black crosses crowned with withered wreaths and set in the midst of quaint little box-like flower-beds. They all looked forward to lying there—awaiting the resurrection morn—in the midst of their own people, by their blue-green lake, under their peaceful mountains. A quiet, pastoral folk, little disturbed, with a certain homely gravity about their lives, steadfastness of purpose, and simple faith. The steamer used to stop at the landing-place, but no famous mountain lay behind to attract sightseers; every now and then a group of rosy German girls, with a professor or two in charge, would clatter off the morning steamer, start away with merry laughter, and clatter down again some hours later, their alpenstocks tied up with bunches of Alpen-rosen. That was all. Other places attracted the world by perhaps greater beauty, but I do not know whether there was not a very subtle charm in the peace which rested on this little village, with its walnut and cherry trees, its wayside crosses, its church with the tapering red spire, the flowery churchyard, the silent dead, the lake, and the mountains watching round. We busy, money-making, restless people could not endure it long; only every now and then, when the curtain is lifted for a moment and we catch a

glimpse of such a patriarchal life, it steals into our hearts and stills their throbbings with a strange serene power.

But this power was not felt, or at all events it was not acknowledged, by Else. Everything about her seemed full of change and depression, although all the time she was trying to deceive herself, and going about the house singing and knitting, as if no shade had come over her world. No one had so much interest for her as Anna Lenz: she knew where she went, what she had on; she took a kind of bitter delight in talking to her, in noticing the wonderful blue of her eyes. If what she fancied ever came to pass this mood would probably change; but meanwhile it took that shape. And at times she would say to herself that all was for the best, that Christian never had been her ideal. Perhaps she was right of the past; but what of the present—what now? A woman's ideal is seldom a cold, calm image, unchanging and unchangeable, by which she moulds her fancy, but rather a reflection, now of this, now of that, taking a hundred different tints, and capable of infinite variety, although all the time transforming and glorifying what it takes. And Else's attempts at self-deception always ended in bitter self-upbraidings for the wrong she had done to Christian.

He was out and about all day; but this was nothing new, for throughout the commune no one bore a better name for patient industry than Christian, and none dreamed that just now he gave himself no rest because rest meant sorrowful thoughts. The hay was being cut and stored, and all the air was heavy with the sweet summerish smell. Christian went out at daybreak, and only came in when the light was fast fading and the mountains across the lake looked ash-coloured in the dim twilight. If there was any visible change in him, it would have needed a woman's keen eye to find it out, and the women who loved him were away with the *senne*. But indeed, though the love was there filling his heart unchanged, he met his trouble as he had faced it beforehand, bravely. The simple acceptance of duty because he knew it to be right, nerved him against vain regrets. He took her image to his heart, tenderly, lovingly, yes, and for ever; but not to gain even that sweet reality would he barter his self-respect, set aside God's law for man and wife, or put his neck under the yoke of the dearest.

One evening he had to speak about some farming business with Thomas Stürm, the grandson of old Wilhelm. The men leant against a low wall in front of the inn, and looked down at the green water under their feet, as they talked over the worth of a particular cow, a little chestnut Schwytzer, for which Christian had a fancy. The day had been hot, and the evening was even more sultry, yet the lake beneath them was stirred, the water splashed against the wall, and every now and then a sudden puff of air came in their faces. Nothing could have been more full of beauty than the cloud-forms which rested upon the top of the mountains, softening without hiding the rosy gleams behind. The whole range seemed suddenly brought nearer, the tints in the sky deepened and glowed with

exquisite harmonies, with royal crimsons and purples. There was a curious stillness and yet unrest, little movement to the eye, but sounds of distant rumblings and wailings, as if some mighty power was drawing near. A tame goat, bleating piteously, came and thrust his nose into Christian's hand; the men, lifting themselves wearily, looked over the lake, now stirred to its very depths, and then at each other. For a few minutes neither spoke; it seemed as if the oppressive stillness kept them silent; then a swoop of fresher air rushed across the water sudden and momentary.

"It is the Fön," said Thomas at last, breaking the spell.

"I have felt it coming all day," Christian answered, stretching himself.

"Bah, how it suffocates one!"

"I will go round and see that all is made safe," Thomas said, going away: "will you call out the watchmen if they are needed?"

The Fön. A hot, sultry, furious hurricane, coming up from the great African deserts, lashing the lake into fury, battling with adverse currents, sweeping off every little obstacle in its way, slamming open doors, loose shutters, tearing down the pretty bright flower-pots from the window-sills, unroofing sheds, scattering everything far and wide. The people came running out from their doors in terror, "The Fön, the Fön!" in every mouth; the Curé was there, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, all the women who were not up on the pastures, running, shutting doors, doing all they could against the sudden attack. The village was very like a great family, and Christian, as the largest proprietor, was looked up to as a kind of head.

"Fire is the worst danger after all," the Curé remarked, recovering from a violent attack of the hurricane upon his cassock.

"The men are all here," answered Christian: "Karl, Joseph, Friedrich, Hans, and Walther. They will go from house to house, see that the fires are put out, and be ready in case of any outbreak." No one noticed that he led Hans aside and gave him a whispered direction.

There was no sleep that night, the Fön took care of that. The fierce hot blasts raged with increasing violence; people hurried about in the strange sultry darkness with a horrible oppression weighing upon them.

"The Fön comes from one place, and one only," said old Wilhelm Stürm, gasping for breath. The crack and roar of the great wind among the mountains, on the lake, in the crashing woods, was so terrible, that the poor children, appalled by the noise and darkness, clung crying to their mothers. It was almost impossible to hear voices in the bewildering hubbub. The priest tried to induce the women to remain in their cottages, but they declared they could not breathe; Anna Lenz was there, her mother, even her old grandmother; it seemed to Christian as if every soul in the place buzzed about him except Else. "She dreads me more than the Fön," he said to himself sadly.

When morning came they hoped that, as is frequently the case, the violence of the wind would moderate, but the increasing light only seemed to make the havoc more apparent: trees were torn up by their roots,

great green branches of walnut wrenched off, and tossed to and fro; other trees, that as yet had resisted the destroying power, were scorched and withered as if by fire; houses were unroofed, shutters hanging loose, the new-mown hay whirled far away from the meadows, the white daturas torn, broken, discoloured; fierce leaping waves raging against the wall; all the delicate pastoral beauty swept away by this awful resistless force. There was no shutting it out, no conquering it. Nay, it seemed to paralyse the men, who moved languidly about, while the women and children gathered into stupefied groups under walls, where they were a little sheltered from the rush and blinding fury of the Fön, but were in danger from the pieces of wood and slate which it now and then hurled triumphantly through the air. The priest, Christian, and Thomas Stürm, whose wife was among them, did all they could to draw them from these dangerous resting-places, but in the hurly-burly their voices fell unheeded.

"I shall go to the church," the Curé said at last. "Thomas, send your boy to ring the bell."

By degrees a little sad terrified congregation crept after him; the Curé said the offices, then, by way of keeping them there, he went into the pulpit and preached a sermon to them. It was a strange scene. The little church with its tawdry yet loving adornments; the frightened groups, some praying fervently, some listening; tired children fast asleep on the seats; outside, the roar and crash of the great Fön; inside, the priest's calm, steadfast voice, and every now and then an Amen going up like a sob.

Though not quite so furiously as on the previous night, the wind continued to rage all that day, and all day Christian was here, there, and everywhere, fighting against the lassitude which unhinged every one, comforting and helping, in and out of the houses, at his own farm, on the outskirts of Wittwe Rothler's. The cottage was a little sheltered from the wind, the flowers had been taken in, and the shutters closed; a great cherry-tree lay all across the garden, otherwise he could not see much damage.

"She is better within," he said, turning away with a longing sigh.

And meanwhile Else, poor child, sat in the little hot cottage listening with terror to the roar of the wind, the splitting of the trees, and the awful echoes in the mountains which magnified it all. Her mother tossed restlessly to and fro, with the fever increased tenfold by the parching heat, sometimes delirious, sometimes quiet, sometimes obstinately bent upon the fulfilment of some sick fancy. The only person they saw was Hans, and he was loud in his praises of Christian.

"In such times one finds out who has the head," he said admiringly; "it is Amrhein this and Amrhein that. It was he who dragged Maria Plater out of the way just in time when the chimney fell, and himself cut the great walnut that might have crushed the Lenz' house."

"Ah!" murmured Else, with a little uncontrollable sigh. It seemed

to her as if her solitude were growing more than she could bear; the other women were together: Anna Lenz had Christian to care for, to watch over her, while she was separated from them all, terrified at her mother's illness, at the whirl and rush of the tempest; without even the consolation of knowing that Hans' occasional presence was the result of Christian's guardianship—Christian whom she had despised. The wind, which, during the afternoon, moderated at intervals, towards evening was again at its height: Hans looked in as it grew dusk to forbid fires, then she was left lonely to keep the long hours. Wittwe Rothler cried out for water peremptorily; sometimes insisted upon Else doing some unreasonable thing; now and then made the girl shudder by talking to her dead husband as if he were standing between them. The air was full of wails and shrieks; it seemed as though out of all space weird, melancholy voices were lifted up appealingly; distant growlings from the mountains answered the fierce swoop of the wind, clouds rushed wildly across the sky. And over all brooded the heavy, leaden oppression of the Fön.

In the village the second night was not so confused as the first, for though the causes for alarm remained, the people had become a little used to them. Some of the women stayed composedly in their houses, a few even slept, overpowered by fatigue and the dry, stifling heat, but the greater part had taken refuge in the church, and had gathered their children there.

"How long will this last?" asked the priest of Thomas Stürm, when the morning light revealed a further work of destruction.

"Only heaven knows," answered Thomas, "when even my old father has never seen such a Fön."

"There is little more mischief that it can do," the Curé remarked, looking round at the chaos a little drearily. Then he recovered himself, and added cheerfully, "That is ungrateful, since, by the mercy of heaven, we are all here."

"I, for one, shall be content if nothing worse comes," said Christian, who had joined them.

"Worse?"

"I am thinking of the stream. This wind will melt the snows."

The Curé was a brave man, but he looked at Christian for a moment with the trouble of a new horror in his eyes. Thomas broke in—"No fear. My father says the Fön melts too gently for that work, and he knows its ways better than any man in the valley. He was talking about it to Lenz just now," went on Thomas, who took his importance in the village very much from the background of old Wilhelm's great age.

"That is true," Christian answered, "yet I cannot feel at rest about it."

"My father is sure to be right," said Thomas, obstinately.

Just then, his youngest child, a golden-haired, round-faced little girl, escaped from her mother, and came running to him, stretching out her little hands, half-crying, half-triumphant in her struggle with the hurricane. He lifted her in his arms, held her tight, and wrapped his coat

round her. So the two remained. Her head against his breast, his arms clasping her.

"Let us go and give a look at the stream," said Christian.

"I must go to the church, where my flock want some words of comfort," said the priest.

The women followed him, climbing the little green knoll on which the church stood; the two men walked on slowly some twenty yards westward, until they could command a view of the little brook as it came tumbling down from stone to stone. They could see it through the storm-tossed branches of the trees, on its way from the heights far above where they stood, then it was hid from them again, reappearing just above Wittwe Rothler's white cottage. There was a substantial little bridge close to the men, where people used sometimes to stand and watch the clear water, with its glittering limpid depths. Now the little torrent flung itself passionately along, yellow and swollen, sweeping with it bits of wood, poor whipped branches caught from its banks.

"It is no higher than I have seen it twenty times," said Thomas, with a triumphant confidence in old Wilhelm's experience. He had little Marie's soft golden head pressed closely against him, and was holding her tenderly.

"I believe it is all safe," Christian said, turning away; and then with a sudden shout of horror, and a clutch at Thomas's arm—"Ah, dear heaven," he cried, "look—look!"

For from the height where, on peaceful summer days, they could see the little innocent stream dancing downwards, a vast body of yellow water was coming, leaping, raging, spreading over the rocks, hurling great trees before it, with a roar before which the Fön sank into insignificance. Swift and terrible this new enemy rushed upon the unconscious village; for a moment its awful approach stunned Christian, then with a cry from the very depths of his heart he sprang to meet it—it was like a horrible nightmare: he ran, yet he did not seem to move, his arms were stretched out, "Else! heart's beloved!" he cried in agony. There was the farm, he did not see it, he saw only the cottage with its closed quiet windows. Quiet? ah!—the roar was in his ears—upon him: he saw the walls rock, gape, fall—one moment, and the awful enemy had him in his grasp, and was whirling him along unconscious, inert.

In the little dim church were the Curé and his small congregation, almost all the women, a number of children, and a few old men. The Curé, who had but just entered, was kneeling in prayer, the women were huddled together in little groups; many had been there all night, others had now come in; one girl among these latter knelt a little apart, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly it seemed as if the noise and fury outside increased tenfold; with it came the rush of water, and a shrill, terrible shriek, piercing the dull roar and the hearts of the listeners. The women started from their knees to the door; the Curé, who was there as

soon as they, was the first to open it, standing so as to keep back the eager, terrified group. But they saw.

"Ah, heaven," cried out old Maria Plater, "we are in the lake!"

Some fell on their knees; others, shrieking wildly, "Fritz!" "Thomas!" "Mother!" names at that moment dearer than life, tried to rush out into the flood. It was all the priest could do to hold the door against them, and to force it back and bolt it. For, in spite of the church standing on its little hill, the yellow turbid water was there at his feet, and, as the door opened, rushed in a little stream into the building. The women broke out into an agonized wail; Lisa Stürm dragged herself on her knees to the Curé: "Let me go, let me go," she sobbed; "I have Thomas out there," and then, looking round her wildly, "Ah, and my little Marie too!"

Yes, poor mother. With her head on her father's breast.

Then a young girl pressed up against him frantically.

"I must be let out," she cried, desperately trying the lock. "I must, I must. I am Else Rothler, and my poor mother is ill in her bed. I only came for one minute, because she would not rest unless I did. I hear her crying to me, 'Else, Else!' Oh, your reverence, you were always good to me—let me out!"

What could the poor priest do? The terrible pathos of these beseeching voices pierced his heart like a knife. He did the best he could. There, by the door, under which the little yellow stream of water was gurgling, he knelt down.

"My children," he said, in a voice of unutterable compassion, "there is One who once stilled the hungry waves into a great calm. Let us pray to Him."

What a prayer! But it calmed them, as he expected: those who had been frantic now only wept and moaned softly, Lisa Stürm saying over and over again, under her breath,—*"My little Marie! my little Marie!"*

It was like the vox humana after the storm, only this was a terrible heart-thrilling voice, full of discords and carrying up of sad burdens. Nevertheless, it went upwards, and so into the perfect harmony which can resolve it all. The Curé ventured to go into the vestry, and bring matting to lay under the door. Then he stationed two or three old men there, and himself went up into the tower to look out from its little windows. Over his head the wind had torn down the golden star which crowned the little quaint red spire, and made a gaping rent in the wood-work. Otherwise there was no great damage, nothing to prevent his going up and looking out. But the sight made him fall on his knees again.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, clasping his hands, "spare this poor people."

For it seemed to him as if it was all one sheet of water upon which he gazed—lake and land with no longer a boundary between them. The Fön had suddenly moderated, as if its work were finished; the hot sun

shone overhead ; the mountains, unmoved by the din and turmoil beneath, lay with the majestic light of heaven upon their faces ; but here, in this little nest of homes, where but a short time ago it had seemed all sweet plentiful peace, what a contrast ! No green meadows were left ; here and there a little hillock just raised its crest above the yellow muddy waters ; a few trees remained to show where orchards had smiled ; half-a-dozen houses were, like the church itself, surrounded but not destroyed ; everywhere else were gaunt wooden ribs rising out of the water, solitary gables, posts, bits of roofs, perhaps a broken balcony hanging to the side ; all round a terrible desolation, a floating waste of wood, trees, dead animals—what else ? Everything was invested with a horrible nameless dread.

The flood was not rising. It came towards them in waves, and was at least ten feet deep below the church ; but, whether a large outlet had been forced into the lake, or from some other reason, it did not appear to grow higher.

"If only I could get out !" sighed the Curé.

Then he strained his eyes again to discover some living creature, and suddenly heard Else's voice behind him,—*"I see men working behind the Stürms' house,"* she cried, sharply.

It was true. The distance was too great to distinguish clearly, but there were figures in the water, hammering as it seemed with great mattocks. This little reaction of human life in the midst of all the desolation brought the Curé his first touch of warm hope ; he began to think of the individual claims which horror had swallowed up. Action was the best medicine for such poor smitten souls.

"Do not let us despair, my child," he said. "We see with our own eyes that some are spared to us ; the lake will become quiet now the Fön moderates itself, and help will be sent. Let us go down to those poor women and cheer them."

"But my mother was in her bed," Else answered, with a bitter cry, which wrung his heart.

She did not resist, however, but followed him down the little dark worn staircase. The Curé went from group to group, comforting, praying, hoping for these poor desolate women, whose husbands and sons were somewhere out in that frightful waste of waters. They arranged chairs, cushions, what they could, so as to form rude couches for any who might by-and-by be brought there. This gave occupation for a time ; then the children became hungry and cried, and some of the mothers forgot their trouble in soothing them. Generally one or two of the old men were up in the tower, climbing the steps painfully, and straining their poor dim eyes over the muddy waters. It was like the ark, as one said, only they had not their dove to let fly. Nevertheless, they were not without their little messages of hope ; fluttering things hung from the windows of the few remaining houses ; the waves of the lake, though they still heaved and sobbed after their passionate outbreak, and were lifted

high above their usual level, gradually subsided into more peaceful movement; the sun shone as though there were no sorrow in the world. This time it was the Curé who had to restrain himself.

"I can swim," he said, flinging open the door, from which the waters had just sunk a little. There they stood in the full warm sunlight, the women all pressing, sobbing, waving, and calling at once. They were on the hill of deliverance; but, alas, deliverance too often means separation. "I can swim," said the priest. "I believe I could reach that house."

Then one of the old men cried out to them from the tower-windows, in a feeble, cracked voice of exultation,—*"A boat is coming! We see it."*

Despair changed to excitement, and the women clung about the Curé, asking him whether he did not indeed believe their husbands to be among that group whom they had seen at work. One or two asked no questions—they were too sick at heart. Else was of the number. Her mother was dead; in all human probability, Christian too. What was left to her—to her who but a few days before had been so rich in affection that she had thrown it from her? She could not cry; she longed for the luxury of such tears as those of Anna Lenz, who wept more freely than any one. She could not even watch the boat on which so many hopes centred, and of which every movement was proclaimed by eager women.

"It draws nearer!"

"Ah, dear heaven! how slowly they row."

"Think of the current."

"Where can they land? There is no land.—Fritz, my Fritz!"

The despairing cry rang across the water, the other women looked at this one almost reproachfully—were not their dear ones there as well? She cried her son's name again and again until she sank down exhausted, and the Curé lifting her in his strong arms carried her into the church. When he came back the boat was out of sight; breathless silence reigned; the boatmen were evidently trying to effect a landing above the poor submerged village, higher up than the church, so that the first assurance they had of their success was seeing them, after what appeared an endless waiting, row slowly by over what, but a few hours before, had been a smiling land of flowers. Noticing the figures at the church-door, they shouted—

"Are you all well there?"

"All well," answered the Curé; "for the love of heaven lose no time."

But there were hindrances to their progress, the hindrances of overthrown houses, of great floating things beating about helplessly, of drifting poles, lumbering chests; here and there great boughs sticking up in the mud, with smaller débris entangled among them; broken crockery, bedding, sometimes a bundle of clothes, round which they rowed curiously, touching it with the oars to make sure it was what it seemed and no more. As they went further, ruined walls and gables hid them now and then from view; presently they were altogether lost: only a hoarse cry came faintly across the water, whether of welcome or of horror no one knew. Some of the wives became almost frantic with excitement,

others broke into piteous moaning; it appeared afterwards to the Curé as if that time of waiting had been the worst of all. But when the moment he dreaded for them arrived, and the boat was seen making its way towards the church—heavily laden—there was a reaction. The women clutched each other's dresses and were silent. Old Wilhelm Stürm, who had come out into the sunshine and lit his pipe, held his daughter-in-law's hand in his, and patted it feebly, while he smoked. Else was inside in the little dark church, with the poor mother whom the priest had carried there.

So the boat came on—slowly. Some one stood up in it and waved, and a woman fell down on her knees in the water. "It is Walther, my Walther!" she cried, sobbing and laughing at once.

"I see Fritz Plater," said another. "Frau Plater, your Fritz is come," she called back into the church, without taking her eyes from the boat.

Lisa Stürm said humbly, with a quiver in her voice which went to the Curé's heart: "Will your reverence be good enough to tell me the moment you see our little Marie. My eyes are not what they were, and the child is such a little thing," and then she broke off and looked at him wistfully.

"Thomas is not there," said old Wilhelm, shading his eyes with his hand, and shaking his head.

"I think he would not come in the first boat," she answered in the same pleading tone; "but the child—she is so little."

The priest took her hand, greatly touched. "Lisa," he said very quietly, "sometimes our Father takes His little children from our arms into His."

For he had seen that little Marie was not in the boat.

The boat rowed up; women rushed into the water and dragged it in with cries of joy. Who were there? Karl, Franz, Walther, Fritz Plater, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, with his shoulder dislocated, two women, and two dark figures lying at the bottom of the boat. All the men were more or less hurt; all looked solemn and awe-stricken. In the midst of a torrent of questionings they kissed their wives or mothers without any outbreak of joy. Heinrich Lenz, who had not known certainly that his family were safe, tottered with them into the church; the Curé and the others went to lift out the dark figures.

"Jammed in some woodwork," said Franz, briefly.

Johann Schmitt was taken out first—white, motionless, with sodden clothes. His wife was away at the Sennen Alps.

"He is dead," some one said, in a hushed voice, and no person contradicted it; but they carried their sad burden into the church, and the priest directed them how to use certain simple remedies. As he went back to the boat he met the second little procession—the second heavy, silent burden, more ghastly than the last, from a deep, cruel cut across the head.

"Who is it?" asked the priest, who could not recognize the face.

"Christian Amrhein," said Fritz, to whom his mother was clinging rapturously.

And then the Curé saw that Else was at the head. She had run out from the church and was in the boat before any one could stop her, kissing the white, stained face in passionate silence, and as she would let no one take her place, the men had passed a coat under his shoulders, and carried him so, Else holding his head. They all loved Christian and were very tender with him, but they shook their heads in answer to the Curé's questioning look. When they laid him down gently, a whisper went round, and the good priest tried to draw the girl away, but she lifted her head and looked at them all resolutely.

"He is not dead," she said. "My mother is dead, I know, but God has given me back Christian."

Was it so, indeed?

They cut his hair and bound up the gaping wound. The Curé made a fire at which to dry the men's wet clothes, and then, while the boat was gone to fetch another load, there came a trying time of inaction. Never before had the little homely church, standing on its green knoll overlooking the lake, sheltered such strange groups. The villagers came up there to pray, to bring their babies, or their dead—their joys or their sorrows of every-day life; but now there was a restless expectation, low sobs and murmurs of pain went up; the shadow of a great tragedy brooded over the place. Outside it was no less strange, the Curé thought. The yellow flood poured over into the lake below, the sun smiled upon the calm, upturned faces of the mountains, upon the ruined houses, upon the little graves just beginning to show themselves above the water. Most of the women had been assured of the safety of their dear ones, and sat outside the church in the warm glow, talking with the others who had escaped, eating the food which these had brought, as yet too glad and thankful to be much cast down with thinking of their losses.

"It is a good thing it should have come now, when the cattle are all at the pastures," said Frau Plater.

"There will be a subscription for us in the town," said another.

"Heinrich will be the worst loser of all," grumbled old Gretchen Lenz. "He had fitted up a beautiful salon in the inn; there would have been visitors this year. The chairs cost so much——"

So they talked on with the rebound that sometimes seems heartless in these simple natures; which, after all, perhaps only speak without the disguise in which we veil our thoughts. They had returned to chatter and sunshine; those whose hearts were still heavy kept in the church, near the two still figures, one as motionless as the other. Lisa Stürm knelt by poor friendless Johann. "Why does not the doctor come?" Else asked once, looking up as if she had forgotten.

When the boat returned, there were more joyful greetings, more questions of sick anguish, more talk about what had or had not been saved. Wittwe Rothler's cottage was gone, some one said—swept away

utterly. So far as they could tell, four men were missing, Thomas Stürm among them; then there was little Marie, and Else's mother, and the two lying within the church; and, when the heavy tale was told, it was, after all, only a wonder that so many had been saved from that terrible death. The men gathered round the priest, and went in and knelt down reverently to offer their simple thanksgiving; afterwards he spoke of the others whose fate was as yet uncertain, and many of the women, who had been most full of joy, broke into sobbing again, looking round on Else, on whose fair hair the sun was shining, as she knelt by Christian. She was unconscious alike of their pity and their forgetfulness, unconscious, I think, of the Curé's prayer; her eyes never raised themselves from that white, unmoved face, even when Frau Plater put her kind heavy hand on her shoulder and tried to draw her away.

Not long after there was a stir at the door. Other boats appeared on the lake as the storm subsided, and the news of the disaster which had overwhelmed the little village began to spread. Some of them rowed about outside, trying to pick up those portions of the universal wreck which had been swept into the lake. They came laden with odd jumbles of things—pathetically inappropriate; but one at last dragged in a heavier burden, with which they rowed directly to the church. This it was which caused the stir, this Something—reverently covered, solemnly lifted out, brought into the church, with the Curé walking before it. Lisa Stürm rose from her knees, and went to meet it, putting out her hand, and trembling violently. Some one tried to stop her.

"Take off the cloth," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice. "That is Thomas."

At a sign from the priest, the men obeyed. Her instinct was true—there, calm and still, lay her husband, and there, too, clasped tight to his breast, lay little golden-haired Marie. That embrace had never been broken; his arms were round her, the fair little head pillowed against him, when quick, sudden death came leaping down and riveted it. There was something so tender, so peaceful, so holy in the attitude, in the faces, that it hushed all mourning; the wail died away on the mother's lips, the priest crossed himself, and knelt down beside these still, passionless figures; Lisa glanced at him, trembled, bent down and kissed each face—husband and child—covered the faces, and knelt down also. Death is a very beautiful angel sometimes.

About an hour afterwards one of the boats came back with a doctor. There were a great many trifling hurts, such as cuts and bruises, and Heinrich Lenz suffered more seriously; but first of all the women who were watching brought him where Johann and Christian lay a little apart from each other. They knew that Johann was gone beyond the reach of all skill, only his wife was away, and it seemed more fitting to these simple folk that the doctor should say in plain words that no more could be done by any of them. And then he turned to where Else still kept her faithful watch, with the yellow sunlight shining upon her hair, her hand under the

dear head, her eyes upon those closed eyes that had looked so sadly at her when last she met their gaze. Would they ever open again? Was it life or death that was veiled by this long unconsciousness?

"He is alive—that is all," said the young doctor, gravely. He gave them rapid directions, and went off to Heinrich Lenz, promising to return immediately. After all he could not do much, and the women looked at little Else, poor child, and shook their heads as the minutes came and went, and brought no change. The waters subsided fast, men were wading about, their wives begged to be taken in the boats to see the ruins from which they were pulling up such poor sodden muddy treasures. By-and-by, too, they managed to carry Heinrich Lenz to one of the standing houses, and so no one was left in the quiet church except the silent dead with their watchers, and the one who yet lingered on the border-land, silent as they. Silent—yes—but the border-land was not passed—there came a slight fluttering movement, a gasp; the doctor, who was profoundly interested in these two, was at his head in a moment—another painful breath, then the wondering eyes opened and fixed themselves on Else, wandered away, returned; the lips parted: "Heart's beloved," breathed Christian in the faintest, feeblest sigh: her arms were around him, and the doctor, half scolding, half laughing, became peremptory at once.

There is so much sorrow in the world, and yet, thank heaven, so much happiness! Now that my little story is at an end, one would like to leave it with a pleasant bright glow resting upon it, and to say and think no more about the tragedies. After the crash of the storm, the beautiful vox humana making its perfect music. But life will not let us do so; here, as always, we must turn away and leave weeping and smiling, sunshine and shade. For this one's husband was saved, and that one's taken from her; Else's lover was given back, but her mother slept under the blue-green water; Lisa Stürm's other children played at her side, but her little Marie's golden head lay quiet upon her father's breast; the village was full of sad ruin, of great cracks and holes and depths scooped out, huge stones and rocks brought down by the flood, sheets of yellow mud, and trees overthrown, and yet—the warm sun shone down healingly, green things began to shoot with strange quick life, everywhere was the work of repair and renovation. Nay, in places it seemed as if the very scars had revealed a new beauty, the delicacy of veined stone, the loveliness of flowers clothing them. Does this seem insufficient? Do we ask for more? Is the story incomplete? Ah, yes—like other stories, like other longings. For the completion is not here: time is not eternity, earth is not heaven; although sometimes there comes a waft of sweetness inexpressible from the land which is not very far off.

Hours in a Library.

NO. II.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

EVERY one has felt compassion, if not sympathy, for the melancholy musings of that charming old heathen, Major Pendennis, when he feels that his grasp upon the world of fashion is palpably relaxing. Men, he thinks, are no longer what they were in his time. "The old grand manner and courtly grace of life are gone; what is Castlewood House and the present Castlewood compared with the magnificence of the old mansion and owner? The late lord came to London with four post-chaises and sixteen horses; all the west road hurried out to look at his cavalcade; the people in London streets even stopped as his procession passed them. The present lord travels with five bagmen in a railway-carriage, and sneaks away from the station smoking a cigar in a brougham." And so the old gentleman rambles on, executing one more variation on the melancholy tune which has been performed in various dialects ever since the world began. Nothing is as it was in the "brave days of old;" the age of chivalry is dead; the "grand seigneurs" are extinct; the world is divided amongst prigs who know nothing of the world and dandies who know nothing else. "And the other young men," exclaims the Major in his wrath, "those lounging guardsmen and great lazy dandies,—sprawling over sofas and billiard-tables, and stealing off to smoke pipes in each other's bedrooms, caring for nothing, reverencing nothing, not even an old gentleman who has known their fathers and betters, not even a pretty woman—what a difference there is between these men who poison the very turnips and stubble-fields with their tobacco and the gentlemen of our time! The breed is gone—there is no use for them; they are replaced by a parcel of damned cotton-spinners and utilitarians, and young sprigs of parsons with their hair combed down their backs." What are we to make of the Major's ambiguous lamentations? Is it merely an instance of the fallacy which generally besets the *laudator temporis acti*, the belief that the splendour has really passed away from the grass and the glory from the flower, rather than his eye grown dimmer and his imagination more sluggish? Or is there really a change for the worse? Have we lost the social arts and become equally incapable of the conduct of a "clouded cane" and of refined courtesy to ladies? Sir Charles Grandison was always, as we may devoutly hope, an impossible monster of pomposity and virtue; but there must, it is urged, have been some original to justify the caricature; even if the ideal was never approached in practice, the very aspiration after that stately

courtesy implied something superior to the rough, slangy, free-and-easy style of modern days.

Direct testimony in such cases is of little use. Who shall say whether the acting of Garrick and the eloquence of Chatham were superior to anything that preceded or followed them? They have passed away as irrecoverably as the cheers that greeted their triumphs. Tradition merely presents us with some vague accumulation of superlatives, and not with any accurate measure of the real facts. And so this vague legend of a now obsolete grand manner evades any tests that we can apply to the present day. Some presumptions might seem to make against it. Our ancestors, it is plain, ate and drank and swore and gambled, and outraged all our laws of decorum; their vices and the amazing plainness of speech in which they dealt might be taken to imply a standard of manners fitter for the pot-house than the drawing-room. The fine gentleman who used what we may call the "stap my vitals" style of conversation in the comedies of the time, was about fit to keep company with a modern swell-mobsmen. And yet an inference against the reality of the assumed "grand manner" would be insecure. That we have grown more decorous does not prove of necessity that we have become more dignified or graceful. The Red Indian of Cooper's novels, if he ever existed, may have been a fine gentleman, though his collection of scalps would have turned the stomach of a civilized bagman. Or, to quote a more appropriate instance, we are told that Louis XIV., having once in his life been induced to take a bath, could never be persuaded to repeat the performance. Yet the Grand Monarch was probably a greater master of the art of dramatic impressiveness than the President of a modern Republic, or even than the average English gentleman who takes his tub quite as regularly as he says his prayers. The most polished class at a given period is probably that which observes most scrupulously certain rules of external propriety; but it does not follow that the age in which those rules are most strict is also that in which the art of social intercourse is most successfully studied. If we could call up a fine gentleman of the last century in his laced coat, and his wig, and his ruffles, it is not impossible that he would be slightly offensive even to our sense of smell; his language would be gross; and his consumption of port wine intolerable; but he might be better able than some of his more precise descendants to make himself—in Lord Chesterfield's phrase—envied by all men and loved by all women. The rules of the game have been drawn tighter, but it may be that no more skill goes to playing it.

The name we have just mentioned suggests that we have at least an exposition of the theory and practice of the art by one of its most accomplished practitioners. Perhaps we are speaking with too much levity. The memory of Lord Chesterfield, indeed, has acquired a certain tinge of absurdity; we associate his name with triumphs of tailoring, and with an effete dandyism of the most artificial type. His very memory smells of rouge and false teeth and stays and the unsavoury apparatus of an ancient buck's

dressing-room. Dr. Johnson has summed up his book for us as containing the manners of a dancing-master and the morals of a less reputable profession; and we generally accept the judgment. Yet, if Lord Chesterfield was rather unlike a prophet or an apostle of a new faith, he had a queer sort of gospel to deliver to his age; and what is in its way amusing and gives sometimes an involuntarily humorous turn to his lucubrations, is that in his mind it is obviously identified with the teaching more generally accepted as a sacred revelation. He is fond of quoting, and giving the weight of his aristocratic patronage to the precept about doing to others as you would that they should do to you. He heartily approves of the sentiment, and indeed presents his own lessons chiefly as practical conclusions from it. But of course, in the seventeen centuries which had elapsed since the promulgation of that command, it had come to need a good many comments and corollaries. Now and then it wanted patchings; but he was sublimely unconscious that the text ever came into conflict with the notes, or that, like other judicial interpreters, he was materially altering the law which he professed to administer. The whole theory is admirably given in one of his letters. "Do as you would be done by!" he exclaims at the opening, with an unction which would befit an eloquent pulpit orator. But presently the maxim takes rather a queer turn. What all men would like done to them, he explains, is to have their ruling passions gratified; now the ruling passion of all kings and women and of most men is vanity; and it follows that the Christian maxim amounts to a solemn command that we should be always tickling each other's vanity. Nor can we be too thoughtful and delicate in our attentions. Labour to find out those little weaknesses which may be discovered in every one. Tell Cardinal Richelieu that he is the best poet of his time; assure Sir Robert Walpole that he has a "polite and happy turn to gallantry;" though you know very well that he has "undoubtedly less than any man living." Swear to ugly women, for they will always believe it, that they are beautiful, or, at least, have "a certain *je ne sais quoi* still more engaging than beauty." Compliment a beautiful woman on her understanding, and your praises will have the charm of novelty. Practise especially that "innocent piece of art," flattering people behind their backs, in presence of somebody who is sure to make his court by repeating your words. "This is, of all flattery," he adds—and the remark is certainly well-founded—"the most pleasing and most effectual." By such acts you will be able, as he remarks in an unwonted access of plain-speaking, to "insinuate and wriggle yourself into favour" at court. "Wriggling," it must be granted, is rather a coarse term to express this delicate system of rising in the world; but, as a rule, there is something pleasant in the charming sincerity of his conviction that he is really preaching a lofty code of morality. He does not mean, he declares, to recommend "abject and criminal flattery." By no means. Vices are to be abhorred and discouraged; and, moreover, when they are coarse they are generally unsuccessful. The pith of this corollary to the gospels con-

sists in drawing the delicate line between simulation and dissimulation ; in hitting off the method of deceiving without lying ; in soothing, instead of sickening, with praise ; and, in short, in safely reaching by honourable means the ends which a clumsy knave fails to secure by blundering into downright dishonesty. The necessary qualification for effecting this purpose is the possession of those graces on which his lordship is perpetually harping. Good-breeding may be defined as the art of delicate flattery, and if not virtue itself, is its most necessary ingredient. "Intrinsic merit" will "gain you the general esteem of all, but not the particular affection of any." The "respectable Hottentot" who "heaves his meat anywhere but down his throat ;" the man who drawls, or splutters, or comes into a room awkwardly ; who twirls his hat or scratches his head when he is talking to you, may be a saint, a patriot, or a philosopher, but he won't be liked at court. The rules themselves, which the old sage works out with infinite variety of detail, are generally sound enough, and generally full of shrewdness, though we rather wonder at times that they should be necessary : a young gentleman, we may hope, would scarcely require at the present day to be reminded a dozen times over of the importance of washing his teeth. The most unlucky and best-remembered maxim is the assertion that nothing is so "illiterate and ill-bred as audible laughter ;" laughter is the "manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry." This is a little too much for poor human nature, even in a laced coat ; but, as a rule, we may admit that, granting the leading principles, the code laid down is judicious. Assume that the main object of a man's life should be to win a blue riband, which Lord Chesterfield's admiring biographer proclaims to have been the one ambition of his hero ; suppose that this worthy object is to be gained by favour at court ; and, finally, that favour at court is to be won by flattery,—and there is something to be said on behalf of each of these propositions, and we may grant that the noble moralist's hero laid down a very accurate chart of the rocks on which a youthful aspirant may suffer shipwreck. It must, indeed, be confessed that this view of human life is rather oddly grafted upon Christian morality ; and it is probable that Lord Chesterfield would hardly have found himself at home with that perfect gentleman, as Coleridge called him, St. Paul. The devil, however, can quote Scripture ; and it would be hard if that privilege were denied to an eminently respectable British peer.

Meanwhile, however little he may have cared for the veneering of Christian phraseology, his sincerity in the substance of his preaching is unmistakable. His political career explains his point of view. He was, in the first place, an illustration in a different department of life of the profound maxim which Mr. Disraeli has recently adopted from Balzac—that critics are authors who have failed. He was just one of those second-rate men who compensate themselves for not being first-rate by arrogating to themselves an enormous amount of worldly wisdom. He had acquired a whole store of maxims by explaining his own failures to his own satisfac-

tion. He knew the secret of every political manœuvre of his time, and conveniently forgot that his amazing penetration was generally a little too late for practical use. He had failed, characteristically enough, in the House of Commons (so it is said), because some irreverent member had persisted in mimicking his rather affected mode of speech as soon as he sat down. The House of Commons was then, no more than now, above the vulgarity of open laughter, and even relished wit bordering on a practical joke. The death of his father—which he appears to have regarded as in all respects a most welcome event—raised him to the House of Lords. In that more congenial and polished assembly, his eloquence, rivalling, so his complacent biographer assures us, that of Demosthenes, made him sufficiently dangerous to be civilly shelved. He possessed just the right qualifications for being kicked upstairs. Twice he was despatched to try the effect of his graceful manners on the Dutch, and to be deprived of any chance of trying them in places nearer to the great centre of influence. Afterwards, he was sent, on the same principle, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the last office he won, and seems to have deserved, considerable credit as a liberal and sensible statesman. Unluckily, he returned to be Secretary of State, and, finding himself to be a cipher in the presence of colleagues whom he heartily despised, he retired into private life, and played with all due earnestness that character of dignified retirement of which his great idol, Lord Bolingbroke, had set him the example. Whether in this case, too, the grapes were sour, or whether he really preferred raising melons and buying pictures to joining in political intrigues, must remain uncertain. Probably he was more or less sincere, as his deafness put senatorial success beyond his power, and, therefore, perhaps beyond his will. His only public appearance was on reforming the Calendar; and he tells with unconcealed delight how on this occasion, the graces of his manner enabled him to eclipse the profound mathematician, Lord Macclesfield, and to delude the House of Peers into the belief that he understood all about intercalary years and Julian periods.

It was from this vantage-ground of accumulated experience that he poured his moral reflections into the ears of his unworthy lout of a son. He had known all the literary and political lights of his day; he had lived in courts, and met foreign statesmen in diplomatic warfare. If his success had not been triumphant, it had been sufficiently great to allow him to attribute his shortcomings to any cause but his own weakness. Measured, indeed, by the standard of his contemporaries, there were not above two or three who could fairly compete with him in actual achievements. No wonder if, in all sincerity, he believed that he could accomplish the difficult task of not merely administering advice which should contain the very quintessence of all political wisdom, but of actually transfusing that wisdom into the head of his clumsy pupil. The delusion, we may remark in passing, was in one sense curious. That Lord Chesterfield should wish to make a silk purse of a sow's ear (if we may venture to use one of those proverbs which he never quotes without a perceptible

shudder), was natural enough. Yet he, of all men, should have known that the way to produce the transformation was not to preach it in downright terms. Advising an awkward man to be elegant is like cramming a bear with sweetmeats in order to change him into a lap-dog. You may diminish his courage, but the bear will be a bear to the end of his days. Lord Chesterfield had doubtless acted on sounder principles in his diplomatic days, and advised his Dutchmen to go north, in the hopes that they might perhaps be diverted one point of the compass from due south. But whilst indoctrinating his son, he either forgot his cunning, or, perhaps, was too intent upon using his eloquence to think of its effect. Nothing is so terribly disconcerting as to be requested to talk naturally when you are already in the agonies of bashfulness. We sympathize keenly with the wretched young Stanhope entering the room of a fine lady, feeling that his sword was getting between his legs, and with that terrible eye fixed upon him in the background, and noting down every awkward trick as a deadly sin. Nay, the wretched youth was told, for his further encouragement, that his father had spies in every direction who would report upon his behaviour, and doubtless felt at times that shudder which overtakes the youthful orator when the whole room seems to be roofed and walled with converging eyes. There is something really touching about the old gentleman's mixture of simplicity, shrewdness, and vanity. It evidently never occurred to him that his morality is not absolutely identical with the loftiest Christianity; or that he had not found the very last word of political philosophy; or that such wisdom can be rained even upon the most ungrateful soil without bearing fruit a thousandfold. He was a most ardent admirer of his own wit, wisdom, and experience; and he really loved his boy with equal sincerity; nay, when the ungrateful youth left behind him, on his premature death, a previously unmentioned widow and children, Lord Chesterfield was virtuous enough to forgive them for existing. With a blindness which is half touching and half absurd, he goes on year after year making his regular weekly exhortation to worship the Graces, till we wonder that parental affection can stand the repetition or filial affection the consumption of the dose. Lord Chesterfield was fond of sneering at college pedants, and in his time there was some excuse for the practice; yet, even then, a college pedant might have explained to him that the way to make lads industrious or clever is not to bombard them incessantly with moral platitudes. Yet there is something pathetic about the queer incongruity of the proceeding. It is one of those contrasts which would have delighted a true humourist. This love of his son is the one sweet spring of natural affection in the father's uncommonly stony bosom. It half softens us towards him, as Falstaff's genuine love of Prince Hal reconciles us to that hoary old sinner; or we may compare it, more accurately, to the fondness which our modern Chesterfield, Major Pendennis, shows for his nephew, especially when he displays it by trying to make the young man his accomplice in disgraceful extortion. The cynical, battered old statesman has yet a genuine love for his stupid son,

and, with the best intentions, bestows his doses of worldly wisdom upon him, and hopes against hope that they will be effectual,—just as a tender mother exhausts herself in cares for her best beloved child, the fool of the family.

To return, however, to the substance of Lord Chesterfield's teaching: it is plain enough that he was at least no fool. He was, it may be, blind to any exalted sentiments, but what he saw he saw clearly and well. In fact, he is simply putting into plain words the esoteric doctrines of the contemporary school of politicians. Bolingbroke and Walpole and the Pelhams tacitly guided their conduct by his principles, though they took no trouble to preach them. At every age, no doubt, there is handed down an unwritten tradition, which seldom finds plain expression beyond the walls of lobbies or election committee-rooms. The ablest professors of the doctrine forget it strangely when they mount a platform or indite a leading article. It is only once in a way that we find a man who not only believes in it and avows it, but is incapable of imagining that there can be anything higher; and we should value him accordingly. Two or three maxims may be detached from this body of doctrine as sufficiently characteristic of its spirit. The first is the cherished opinion that "great events from trifling causes spring," or in the Chesterfieldian version, that the destinies of nations are really decided by closet-intrigues and by petty jealousies of individual statesmen. Take, for example, the Reformation. Ordinary people will talk nonsense about the decay of ancient faiths, the corrupt state of ecclesiastical organizations, and so on. Lord Chesterfield knows better. This is his version of the story. "Luther, an Augustine monk, enraged that his order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of that profitable but infamous trade, turns reformer, and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption, and the idolatry of the Church of Rome, which were certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had at least acquiesced in, till what he called the rights, that is, the profit of his order came to be touched." This, my son, observes the amiable sage, is the true philosophy of history. The Reformation a great moral or intellectual outburst! Not a bit of it; it was simply a squabble between a couple of thieves over their booty; though it is true that honest men—if there be any honest men—incidentally made much by it.

This doctrine that all human history turns upon the most trivial causes and the lowest passions, is, for obvious reasons, popular with second-rate statesmen. It is merely another form of belief in their own importance. The peculiarity of Lord Chesterfield is in its bearing upon his doctrine of the graces. These small secret springs which really govern the movement of the world are worked by the force which the vulgar call humbug. A judicious compliment, a bit of diplomatic finesse at the right moment, turns a delicate lever, and the whole machinery of the world turns creaking on its ponderous hinges. Lord Chesterfield, on one

occasion, illustrates this maxim by an appropriate anecdote. Over twenty years before he had wiped a little boy's nose. The action was apparently trivial; but mark the consequences. Lord Chesterfield was then ambassador in Holland, and entrusted with diplomatic business of the last importance; the parents of the little boy were people "of the first rank and consideration," and naturally were profoundly grateful for Lord Chesterfield's condescension. Who knows but that the present extension of the Prussian empire is due, in some remote degree, to the little boy's want of a handkerchief? At any rate, the chief actor in this performance plumes himself on it, as a great triumph in diplomacy; and probably young Stanhope went about wiping little boys' noses for some time afterwards. The effect upon the history of the world is not recorded.

Lord Chesterfield, however, appeals to the experience of others as well as his own. Lord Chatham and Lord Mansfield were by far the most successful orators of the day in the House of Commons. And why? Because Chatham had the most fervid intellect and the haughtiest will? Because Mansfield was the cleverest logician and the most thorough lawyer? No: the matter of their speeches was moderate enough; but their periods were well-turned and their enunciation just and harmonious. Marlborough was the most successful man of his time; and historians, who "always assign deep causes for great events," will set down his success to his surpassing abilities. They will be wrong. He had "an excellent good plain understanding;" but that to which he owed "the better half of his greatness and riches" was that he possessed the graces in the highest degree, and that his manner was irresistible by man or woman. Stanhope might have made a pretty good retort. The two most successful statesmen of that age, if success be measured by long tenure of power, were Walpole and Newcastle. Lord Chesterfield, in particular, had matched himself against each and been decisively beaten. Yet Newcastle, as we know, was a man the inexpressible absurdity of whose manners set caricaturists at defiance; and, if we may trust Lord Hervey, was distinguished, amongst other things, by some of the nasty tricks which the Letters are always denouncing. Of Walpole, Chesterfield says himself, that his ill-breeding was such that no man ever said a civil thing to him. Bolingbroke again, on the same authority, possessed "the most elegant politeness and good-breeding that ever any courtier and man of the world was adorned with;" and Bolingbroke is the best example which a moralist could desire to quote of splendid talents leading to disastrous failure. In short, there was certainly one qualification for success more essential even than good manners in that age as in this, and that quality may be described as an indomitable resolution to succeed.

Lord Chesterfield, no doubt, attached this amazing importance to the graces for two obvious reasons. They were the specially strong points of the adviser, and they were also the specially weak point of the advisee. The sincerity of his belief, however, is guaranteed by the whole history of his life, and by the often quoted story which might have furnished a new

illustration to Pope's brilliant epigrams, on the ruling passion. "Save my country, heaven!" was to be the last exclamation of Cobham, as something of the same kind was, or was said to have been, the dying phrase of Pitt. "Give Dayrolles a chair," was the pathetic speech with which Chesterfield took leave of this world for one in which, it is to be hoped, honour will not depend upon accurate observance of etiquette. It is a melancholy reflection that a man's last words should bequeathe a tinge of absurdity to his reputation: and we almost pity poor Lord Chesterfield when we see him rallying himself to discharge what he held to be a duty, and by that virtuous action—for surely it was virtuous according to his lights—making even his death-bed ridiculous. It is proper to observe, however, that this ceaseless perorating upon the graces was by no means the whole of the Chesterfieldian philosophy. His Letters leave, indeed, the impression that his highest ambition was to know that his son was called *le petit Stanhope* by the fine ladies of Paris; and there is something really pathetic in his constant recurrence to that imaginary pet name. But he wished him to be something more; and we almost doubt at times whether the ideal Stanhope was not as creditable a person as the young nobleman of the present day. It is difficult to say with precision what are the qualifications now demanded by the aristocracy from the young gentlemen who are to support their political influence. Judging from the result, so far as such audacity may be exercised in a humble outsider, they do not include any very profound acquaintance with laws, history, and foreign politics. Now the Chesterfieldian conception of those studies was necessarily far from profound. History was, in his view, a narrative of the varying manœuvres of fools and knaves; politics meant the art of reaching the blind side of kings and statesmen: patriotism, religious zeal, and such other words, were juggles to impose upon the vulgar; and his notions of political economy were those of the darkest pre-Adamite era; that is to say, simply childish. Yet the possession of a shrewd common sense, inclining, indeed, to be rather too shrewd, and a certain judicious toleration, closely allied to utter indifference, and yet with some tincture of generous feeling, made him far from a despicable politician; and he was anxious that his son should be thoroughly furnished with the tools of his trade, so far as he could understand them. Young Stanhope was to visit all the courts of Europe; he was to speak French, German, and Italian to perfection; he was to be familiar with the history of treaties and with the public law of Europe; he was to know all such statistics as were obtainable at the time; and if his attention was invited a little too strongly to the mere outside trappings of things—to the mode, for example, of investiture with the Garter, and the petty gossip of courtiers—he was yet to be as near an approach as was then possible to that terror of our modern days, the blue-book in breeches, or the thoroughly well-informed member of Parliament. If he was to have little enough faith in ideas, and not to penetrate far below the surface, he was to be capable of imposing respect upon an aristocracy which had no thought of abdicating its power at home, or its

influence on continental politics. The training seems to have succeeded in this direction; and if the youth never became known as *le petit Stanhope*, he was as qualified as a thorough familiarity with red tape and diplomatic ceremonials could make him, to be the right-hand man of an able Minister. In one respect, it is true, his education was shamefully neglected. It is painful to remark the indifference, and indeed the contempt with which Lord Chesterfield sometimes alludes to those athletic sports, whose superlative value we have learnt to recognize. Listen to the awful heresy propounded by a great British nobleman 120 years ago. "The French manner of hunting," says this daring blasphemer, "is gentleman-like; ours is only fit for bumpkins and boobies. The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; and the true British foxhunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to this country, which no other part of the globe produces." Lord Chesterfield was blind enough not to perceive that the true British foxhunter is as much a subject for glorification as the true British constitution, of which he is the greatest ornament. But in those days, strange as it now appears, cultivated gentlemen generally agreed with him, and left the pursuit of foxes to the Squire Westerns of the period. Let us be thankful that we know better, though even now some people call our nobility barbarians, and speak irreverently of game-preserving.

Chesterfield, in short, was no mere fatuous coxcomb. No Scotchman could have had a keener eye for the main chance. Strip off his gold lace and his full-bottomed wig, and you find a shrewd man of business, with as little sentiment as a stockbroker, and perhaps little more principle than a professional gambler. If you despise the trifles on which he lays so much stress, he despises them quite as heartily, except as the counters with which he plays his game. In the sight of heaven, a man who gets his sword between his legs may be equal to one who keeps it in the normal position; but there will be a considerable difference in the sight of kings. Now heaven is a long way off, and kings, who—so our courtier tells us—are almost universally fools, are very near, and can reward their worshippers substantially. Why not carry on traffic as merchants do in Africa, and pass off a little tinsel and Brummagem wares for good solid gold and ivory? The savage chief takes a set of beads, and gives you a herd of cattle; the king takes a fine bow, or a delicate parallel between himself and Cæsar, and pays you with a bit of blue riband and a pension of three thousand a year. Who is deceived, and who has any right to complain? The people who have to pay the taxes? Their time is not to come for two or three generations; and in all ages no wrong can be done to people who can't make a noise. But the whole system is immoral? Well, if you insist upon enthusiasm and devotion to the good of humanity and belief in social progress, you may probably be disappointed. Yet the Chesterfields had their merits. They had no desire to be martyrs, it may be, but they did not desire to make other people martyrs. They were

tolerant, cool-headed, and rather cold-hearted Gallios. They were selfish, and mean, and corrupt; but with certain limits of personal honour. If they looked on the country as their private estate, they had some flashes of proprietary pride which served indifferently well for patriotism. Lord Chesterfield mourns sincerely over the bad prospects of the country at the beginning of the seven years' war, though his remedy is characteristic enough. Nothing could save us, he sighs, but a Machiavel at the head of affairs, and even that remedy would be doubtful. Intrigue and treachery may yet be powerful enough, but all feebler agencies are worthless. Luckily for us, this pious aspiration was answered by the appearance of Chatham, and popular orators have learnt to talk as if in those days all statesmen were patriotic, and all corruption unknown. The truth is, we see, slightly different; Chesterfield, though far more respectable than the Newcastle and Bubb Dodingtons of his day, was not remarkable for the loftiness of his views. Let us, however, try to feel some gratitude for such patriotism as he could show, though he certainly preferred, on principle, the worst of quack medicines to any genuine remedy. We cannot, with the best of good will, make him out a hero or a saint. To religion he makes his bow with characteristic grace; he reminds us of Johnson's friend Campbell: "He is a good man, a pious man; I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat." That is about the Chesterfieldian theory; if his son wants any religion he may go to his tutor for supplies of that undeniably useful article; but to mock at Christianity shows thoroughly bad taste. Indeed if that superstitious belief were once thoroughly eradicated, a desolating scepticism might next raise doubts as to the value of the British peerage. Voltaire was clearly wrong for attacking institutions which save us so much in police expenditure; and even the clergy are not necessarily worse or more foolish than their neighbours. That, indeed, is not saying much for them. The moralist in whom Chesterfield really believes is Rochefoucauld, as his favourite politician is De Retz. He begs his hopeful son to ponder his maxims by day and night, and to learn that the one key to knowledge of men is the conviction that every passion is merely a form of selfishness. Women are all contemptible, and may be guided by the grossest flattery. Kings are worse; and perhaps the class of mankind of whom he speaks with the sincerest respect are the Jesuits, for the very reason that he fully accepts the popular view of their character. To be wicked, however, is generally bad policy, or, at any rate, to be very wicked. The pith and substance of a great many maxims is simply this:—Don't get drunk too often or you will die of *delirium tremens*; most vicious practices carried to excess will injure your health; and therefore a wise man will calculate his pleasures cautiously, so as to extract the maximum of enjoyment at the time and make them subservient to his advancement afterwards. And all this advice is given so complacently and with such perfect unconsciousness that it is in any degree defective, that somehow one is almost

taken in. It sounds for all the world like a sermon, and if we doze a bit we fail to observe the cloven hoof. One more sample is as good as a thousand, and may serve as a final touch. Fielding, in his *Journey from this World to the Next*, describes the philosophy of court favour. If a low fellow, says the satirist, has a desire for a place, what is he to do? He "applies to A., who is the creature of B., who is the tool of C., who is the flatterer of D.," and so on, through a rather unsavoury chain, till we reach M., who is the instrument of the great man. Thus the smile, descending regularly from the great man to A., is discounted back again, and at last paid by the great man. The satire seems to verge upon burlesque, but Lord Chesterfield reproduces the same thought with the utmost fidelity, and apparently without a touch of irony. "In courts," he says, "nobody should be below your management and attention; the links that form the court chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You must bear with patience the dull grievances of a gentleman usher or a page of the backstairs, who very probably has an intrigue with some near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Minister, of the favourite mistress, or perhaps of the King himself." Lord Chesterfield would have smiled contemptuously at the purist who should have seen anything wrong in this; and, indeed, would have had little trouble in convincing himself that this universal complaisance was in the true spirit of Christianity.

Perhaps, however, we are growing a little too serious. Virtuous indignation is a very good thing in its way, but it seems to be out of the way in speaking of Lord Chesterfield. He was one of those people who do not profess to keep an immortal soul; their vital principle is merely a substitute for salt, and so long as they keep clear of the gallows, we have no right to find fault with them. We do not think of his lordship as precisely immoral, but as afflicted with a kind of colour-blindness which prevented him from paying attention to the moral side of things in general. Let us return to the humbler point of view from which we started. Were the Chesterfieldian manners really good? Faith, or fanaticism—as you please to call it—is a very good thing in its way, but not of necessity conducive to good manners. Religious heroes may often use forks for toothpicks and be quite incapable of turning out a finished *bon mot* at a moment's notice. If the two men were compared by their powers of moving the world we should have to place Wesley infinitely above Chesterfield; but if it be a question which of them did most to make it go off pleasantly, the tables would be turned. The saints and martyrs of our acquaintance—they are not numerous—are often good enough company at a dinner-table; but perhaps, for mere amusement, it would be safer to invite a Pendennis or a Chesterfield. Nothing disturbs the digestion so much as earnestness; and an argument which is not a mere sham-fight, is apt to be a terrible nuisance in society. To say the truth, there is something fascinating about the delicious calm of that era. The old set of controversies had died out with the seventeenth century; the

ground-swell of the approaching revolution had not made itself felt; political agitation was not as yet; reporters were far from the sacred doors of Parliament; the press was in good order; the party-cries about place-bills, and standing armies, meant nothing, and everybody knew that they meant nothing; party warfare was little more than a set of family squabbles between different noble connections; the Church of England was fast asleep, and could scarcely find energy to denounce the few wretched fanatics, to whom the name of enthusiasts was given as the most opprobrious of all conceivable titles. The change which has taken place in the meaning of that word is curiously characteristic of the change in the temper of society. To be in earnest about anything was then as objectionable as it is now to be in earnest about nothing. It is pleasant to travel back in imagination to that quiet little sleepy hollow, interposed between two regions of storm and earthquake. We envy Sir Roger de Coverley, dozing placidly in his high-backed pew, unconscious of the advent of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; we admire the nobleman who bought a borough as quietly as a new coat, and kept an editor or two as their successors would keep a butler; and yet more emphatically do our mouths water when we think of the delightful sinecures that were flying about in those days—those heavy stakes that gave the only real interest to the game of politics. One would like to have been a British nobleman, and to have gone in for one great lottery weighted with such substantial prizes.

To one advantage they may seem to have a good claim. Good manners are a delicate plant, which flourishes only in a calm atmosphere, being all the product of a state of society in a state of permanent equilibrium. When everybody knows his place, intercourse is easy; no matter whether everybody knows that he is as good as his neighbour, or knows just how low a bow he must make to each man he meets. Vulgaritv is the product of a state of things in which the people in the gallery are trying to get into the stalls, and have only half succeeded. Democrats are often accused of inconsistency because they don't ask their footmen to dine with them; but it is precisely their quarrel with society that footmen and their masters have been made incapable of meeting on equal terms. When a servant regards his livery as an honourable distinction, or when he has fairly got rid of it, he may be equally easy; but when he has begun to make it ignominious, and yet has not quite shuffled it off, he is naturally awkward. In Lord Chesterfield's time, the livery still preserved its sanctity, as well as the peer's robes and coronets. Nobody was yet ashamed of the one or envious of the other; or if they were, they had the good sense to hold their tongues. That terrible inversion of all things, in which the cloth of gold had got terribly rent and battered and jostled by the cloth of frieze, was not as yet; and Lord Chesterfield felt that he and his full-bottomed wig, and his seat in the House of Lords, were part of the eternal order of things, if, indeed, they should not rather be called the very flower and highest outcome of creation. The advantage which

such a faith gives to a man's manners is obvious. Laughter, we know, was beneath him; all strong emotions are apt to be vulgar and undignified: he could take life as he took his luck at the gaming-table, with a perfectly placid countenance. A grand decorous stoicism was imperatively demanded by his station. And then, how different was the little circle which to him was the whole world from that roaring Babel in which we live. The most necessary social art at the present day is to keep your neighbour at a distance without slapping his face, for who knows whether he is a gentleman or a swell-mobman? Life, now, is like jostling through a crowd at the Derby; then it was like a select garden-party, reported in the *Morning Post*. In those days conversation could be really an art. Good talking, like good acting, supposes a fitting audience; the chief actor must be supported by a company who are ready to follow up his hits and appreciate his points: it must be cultivated in *salons*, where a set of clever people are in the habit of sharpening their wits upon each other. No such talk is generally possible amongst the heterogeneous collection of people who meet for a couple of hours at a London dinner-party, and spend the first hour in vague tentative experiments at drawing each other out. A good saying was generally put down to some distinguished performer—to Lord Chesterfield, or Horace Walpole, or George Selwyn. Now nobody makes witticisms in conversation; they are concocted on paper, and hit off in "occasional notes" or leading articles. The universal godfather of foundling witticisms is no longer the person of quality, but *Punch*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

It would seem likely enough then, *à priori*, that within the magic circle the study of good manners was really carried to a pitch now unknown. When a shrewd, clear-headed man like Lord Chesterfield could deliberately make it the study of his life to attain perfection in the art, and doubtless he must have had many competitors, it seems reasonable to suppose that they would meet with corresponding success. Could we, who have scarcely time to take off our hats to a lady, possibly rival the elaborate courtliness of men to whom social success counted for so much in life? Is not the secret lost, like those of archery, or the illumination of missals, or the other arts which required unlimited time and patience? Before the days of newspapers and popular novels, ladies might spend days in embroidery, and gentlemen sit down to steady drinking about three in the afternoon; Lord Chesterfield might spend four hours daily on his toilet, and might prepare the most charming impromptus, and lay the deepest schemes for social successes. How should we rival his elegance, whose life is one continued hurry, and who pronounce all ceremonies to be an intolerable bore?

One doubt, indeed, will occur to Lord Chesterfield's readers. Granting that he did his best to be charming, we may yet doubt whether the power of charming can ever be acquired by cold-blooded preparation; and such glimpses as we obtain of the living man rather confirm our scepticism. Able editors, of course, speak of him in the proper conventional tone. He

was, we are assured, "one of the most shining characters of his age;" he is declared to have enjoyed "the highest reputation for all sorts of merit that any man, perhaps, ever obtained from his contemporaries;" and he is described by his official biographer with a number of fine phrases, to which it is the only objection that they would be about equally applicable to St. Paul or the late Mr. Peabody. But we receive a more distinctive impression from two of the best portrait-painters of the age, both of whom, unluckily, had good reasons for disliking him. Lord Hervey rather upsets our preconceived notions, by assuring us that he was "short, disproportionate, thick, clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for Polyphemus;" and that George II. summed up his personal charms by describing him as a "dwarf baboon."

The spitefulness and apparent inaccuracy of this may justify a doubt as to the insinuations that in other respects his pretensions were absurdly exaggerated. Horace Walpole, however, who had a very pretty pen for abuse, draws a likeness in which, after due deductions, we cannot help recognizing the features of the original. If we may believe this account, Lord Chesterfield was a standing illustration of his own favourite maxim, *Dans ce monde on vaut ce qu'on veut valoir*; he had resolved to win a reputation for wit and gallantry, and his perseverance had won the name, though not the reality; he had persuaded people that it was the proper thing to laugh at his most trifling sayings, and they laughed before he spoke; he had somehow wormed himself into the position—afterwards occupied by Talleyrand or Sydney Smith—of enjoying a sort of manorial right to all unappropriated waifs and strays of wit; he patronized what was too bad to be ascribed to himself, and sneered at the good things which were beyond his grasp; and by such arts—not, perhaps, quite unknown at the present day—had acquired without much deserving it a title to be the arbiter of the taste and fashion of his day. There is an obvious dash of malignity in all this, for, after all, no man wins the dictatorship even of society without some real merits. But there is apparently this much of truth in the libel, that, through all Lord Chesterfield's graces, there pierces a certain air of deliberation and effort, which goes far to spoil their effect. He is never quite spontaneous. His writings remind us of machine-made goods. They show some wit and humour, but it is prepared by rule, and are products of deliberate toil rather than natural effusion. He wrote, for example, some papers in the *World*, which may pass for very good imitations of the *Spectator*. They are amusing illustrations of the same tone of thought which characterizes the letters to his son; but there is a certain stiffness and formality about the writing which just destroys the charm. The letters to his other correspondents have the same character. He fires off great florid compliments with infinite self-complacency, and an irrepressible consciousness that he is doing the correct thing. Though carefully written, they have nothing of the brilliancy of Horace Walpole, and still less of the nameless charm

that makes such letters as Cowper's some of the most charming reading in the language. We seem to see the hand of the diplomatist, who likes to make a protocol out of an invitation to dinner. His literary taste, when it is not commonplace, is execrable. His wit is shrewd enough, though it scarcely descends to be playful. Its general style may be illustrated by the well-known advice to make the Pretender Elector of Hanover, in order that he might fail to excite a spark of loyalty; or by the half pathetic remark that Tyrawley and he had been dead a long time, though they did not choose to have it generally known; or, perhaps more characteristically, by his posthumous fling at the Church. Wishing to prevent his heir from following his own habit of gambling, he declared in his will that, if the youth ever kept hounds, or went to Newmarket, or lost 500*l.* in one bet, he should forfeit 5,000*l.* to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey. That body, he declared, had shown itself so exorbitant that it would be sure to exact the penalty. One touch may be added from his Letters, which is itself very significant. "What can a hermit send you from the deserts of Blackheath," he writes to a friend on the 11th of October, 1756, "in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody anywhere by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are." It is touching to see the decrepit old man still making epigrams on himself with something of his old courtly grace. But the effect is rather spoilt when we find that the same phrases are repeated word for word to another correspondent a few days later. In both letters he proceeds to say that he has done with all the passions of the world. It is the old story. His lordship takes leave, we see, of the world and its vanities in such pretty language that he can't help learning it by heart; and, like Pope's dying actress, puts one touch of rouge on his faded cheeks.

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead!

Lord Chesterfield had too much genuine intelligence to be contemptible, and certain relics of natural affection, and even of patriotism, which prevent him from being hateful; but, on the whole, we must doubt whether familiarity with this high-priest of the Graces—to use the faded language of his day—will much heighten our regret for their loss. Dr. Johnson, the "respectable Hottentot," as his lordship calls him, has got the best of it in the long run. His letter to Chesterfield remains as a splendid specimen of hard hitting, or, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, a "far-famed blast of doom," proclaiming to the listening world that patronage should be no more, and conferring a kind of immortality on its victim. The fine gentleman was unlucky in coming into collision with that rough mass of genuine manhood; and yet the fact that he received a fair knock-down blow from Boswell's hero is, perhaps, his best title to be remembered by posterity.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MARQUIS OF EDBURY AND HIS PUPPET.



I PASSED from man to man, hearing hints and hesitations, alarming half-remarks, presumed to be addressed to one who could supply the remainder, and deduce consequences. There was a clearer atmosphere in the street of Clubs. Jennings was the first of my father's more intimate acquaintances to meet me frankly. He spoke, though not with great seriousness, of the rumour of a possible prosecution. Sir Weeton Slater tripped up to us with a mixed air of solicitude and restraint, asked whether I was well, and whether I had seen the newspapers that morning; and on

my informing him that I had just come up from Riversley, on account of certain rumours, advised me to remain in town strictly for the present. He also hinted at rumours of prosecutions. "The fact is——" he began several times, rendered discreet, I suppose, by my juvenility, fierté, and reputed wealth. We were joined by Admiral Loftus and Lord Alton. They queried and counterqueried as to passages between my father and the newspapers, my father and the committee of his club, preserving sufficient consideration for me to avoid the serious matter in all but distant allusions; a point upon which the breeding of Mr. Serjeant Wedderburn was not so accurate a guide to him. An exciting public scandal soon gathers knots of gossips in Clubland. We saw Wedderburn break from a group some way down the pavement and pick up a fresh crumb of amusement at one of the doorsteps. "Roy Richmond is having his benefit to-day!" he said, and repeated this and that, half audible to me. For the rest, he pooh-poohed the idea of the Law intervening. His "How d'ye do, Mr. Richmond, how d'ye do?" was almost congratulatory.



HAVING OUR CHOICE BETWEEN NOTHING TO SAY, AND THE EXCESS.

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"I think we meet at your father's table to-night? It won't be in the Tower, take my word for it. Oh! the papers! There's no Act to compel a man to deny what appears in the papers. No such luck as the Tower!—though Littlepitt (Mr. Wedderburn's nickname for our Premier) would be fool enough for *that*. He would. If he could turn attention from his Bill, he'd do it. We should have to dine off Boleyn's block:—*coquite horum obsonia*, he'd say, eh?" Jennings espied my father's carriage, and stepped to speak a word to the footman. He returned, saying, with a puff of his cheeks: "The Grand Monarque has been sending his state equipage to give the old backbiting cripple Brisby an airing. He is for horse exercise to-day: they've dropped him in Courtenay Square. There goes Brisby. He'd take the good Samaritan's shilling to buy a flask of poison for him. He'll use Roy's carriage to fetch and carry for that venomous old woman Kane, I'll swear."

"She's a male in Scripture," said Wedderburn, and this reminded him of an anecdote that reminded him of another, and after telling them, he handed round his hat for the laugh, as my father would have phrased it.

"Has her ladyship declared war?" Sir Weeton Slater inquired.

"No, that's not her preliminary towards waging it," Wedderburn replied. These high-pressure smart talkers had a moment of dulness, and he bethought him that he must run into the Club for letters, and was busy at Westminster, where, if anything fresh occurred between meridian and six o'clock, he should be glad, he said, to have word of it by messenger, that he might not be behind his age.

The form of humour to express the speed of the world was common, but it struck me as a terrible illustration of my father's. I had still a sense of pleasure in the thought that these intimates of his were gentlemen who relished and, perhaps, really liked him. They were not parasites; not the kind of men found hanging about vulgar profligates.

I quitted them. Sir Weeton Slater walked half a dozen steps beside me. "May I presume on a friendly acquaintance with your father, Mr. Richmond?" he said. "The fact is—you will not be offended?—he is apt to lose his head, unless the Committee of Supply limits him very precisely. I am aware that there is no material necessity for any restriction." He nodded to me as to one of the marvellously endowed, as who should say, The Gods presided at your birth. The worthy baronet struggled to impart his meaning, which was, that he would have had me define something like an allowance to my father, not so much for the purpose of curtailing his expenditure—he did not venture upon private ground—as to bridle my father's ideas of things possible for a private gentleman in this country. In that character none were like him. As to his suit, or appeal, he could assure me that Serjeant Wedderburn, and all who would or could speak on the subject, saw no prospect of success; not any. The worst of it was, that it caused my father to commit himself in sundry ways. It gave a handle to his enemies. It—he glanced at me indicatively.

I thanked the well-meaning gentleman without encouraging him to continue.

"It led him to perform once more as a Statue of Bronze before the whole of gaping London!" I could have added. That scene on the pine-promontory arose in my vision, followed by other scenes of the happy German days. I had no power to conjure up the princess.

Jorian DeWitt was the man I wanted to see. After applications at his Club and lodgings I found him dragging his burgundy leg in the Park, on his road to pay a morning visit to his fair French enchantress. I impeached him, and he pleaded guilty, clearly not wishing to take me with him, nor would he give me Mdle. Jenny's address, which I had. By virtue of the threat that I would accompany him if he did not satisfy me, I managed to extract the story of the Dauphin, aghast at the discovery of its being true. The fatal after-dinner speech he believed to have been actually spoken, and he touched on that first. "A trap was laid for him, Harry Richmond; and a deuced clever trap it was. They smuggled in special reporters. There wasn't a bit of necessity for the toast. But the old vixen has shown her hand, so now he must fight. He can beat her single-handed on settees. He'll find her a Tartar at long bowls: she sticks at nothing. She blazes out that he scandalizes her family. She has a dozen indictments against him. You must stop in town and keep watch. There's fire in my leg to explode a powder-magazine a mile off!"

"Is it the Margravine of Rippau?" I inquired. I could think of no other waspish old woman.

"Lady Kane," said Jorian. "She set Edbury on to face him with the Dauphin. You don't fancy it came of the young dog 'all of himself,' do you? Why, it was clever! He trots about a briefless little barrister, a scribbler, devilish clever and impudent, who does his farces for him. Tenby's the fellow's name, and it's the only thing I haven't heard him pun on. Puns are the smallpox of the language!—we're cursed with an epidemic. By gad, the next time I meet him I'll roar out for vaccine matter."

He described the dinner given by Edbury at a celebrated City tavern where my father and this so-called Dauphin were brought together. "Dinner to-night," he nodded, as he limped away on his blissful visit of ceremony to sprightly Chassediane (a bouquet had gone in advance): he left me stupefied. The sense of ridicule enveloped me in suffocating folds, howling sentences of the squire's *Bæotian* burlesque by fits. I felt that I could not but take the world's part against the man who allowed himself to be made preposterous externally, when I knew him to be staking his frail chances and my fortune with such rashness. It was unpardonable for one in his position to incur ridicule. Nothing but a sense of duty kept me from rushing out of London, and I might have indulged the impulse advantageously. Delay threw me into the clutches of Lady Kane herself, on whom I looked with as composed a visage as I could command, while she leaned out of her carriage chattering at me, and

sometimes over my head to passing gentlemen. She wanted me to take a seat beside her, she had so much to say. Was there not some funny story abroad of a Pretender to the Throne of France? she asked, wrinkling her crow's-foot eyelids to peer at me, and wished to have the particulars. I had none to offer. "Ah! well," said she; "you stay in London? Come and see me. I'm sure you're sensible. You and I can put our heads together. He's too often in Courtenay Square, and he's ten years too young for that, still. He ought to have good advice. Tell me, how can a woman who can't guide herself help a man?—and the most difficult man alive! I'm sure you understand me. I can't drive out in the afternoon for them. They make a crush here, and a clatter of tongues! . . . That's my private grievance. But he's now keeping persons away who have the first social claim . . . I know they can't appear. Don't look confused; no one accuses you. Only I do say it's getting terribly hot in London for somebody. Call on me. Will you?"

She named her hours. I bowed as soon as I perceived my opportunity. Her allusions were to Lady Edbury, and to imputed usurpations of my father's. I walked down to the chambers where Temple was reading Law, for a refuge from these annoyances. I was in love with the modest shadowed life Temple lived, diligently reading, and glancing on the world as through a dusky window, happy to let it run its course while he sharpened his weapons. A look at Temple's face told me he had heard quite as much as was known in the West. Dining-halls of lawyers are not Cistercian; he was able to give me three distinct versions of the story of the Dauphin. No one could be friendlier. Indeed Temple now urged me forcibly to prevent my father from spending money and wearing his heart out in vain, by stopping the case in Dettermain and Newson's hands. They were respectable lawyers, he said, in a lawyer's ordinary tone when including such of his species as are not black sheep. He thought it possible that my father's personal influence overbore their judgment. In fact, nothing bound them to refuse to work for him, and he believed that they had submitted their views for his consideration. "I do wish he'd throw it up;" Temple exclaimed. "It makes him enemies. And just examining it, you see he could get no earthly good out of it: he might as well try to scale a perpendicular rock. But when I'm with him, I'm ready to fancy what he pleases—I acknowledge that. He has excess of phosphorus, or he's ultra-electrical; doctors could tell us better than lawyers." Temple spoke of the clever young barrister Tenby, as the man whom his father had heard laughing over the trick played upon 'Roy Richmond.' I conceived that I might furnish Mr. Tenby a livelier kind of amusement, and the thought that I had once been *sur le terrain*, and had bitterly regretted it, by no means deterred me from the idea of a second expedition, so black was my mood. A review of the circumstances, aided by what reached my ears before the night went over, convinced me that Edbury was my man. His subordinate helped him to the instrument, and possibly to the plot, but Edbury

was the capital offender. The scene of the prank was not in itself so bad as the stuff which a cunning anecdotalist could make out of it. Edbury invited my father to a dinner at a celebrated City tavern. He kept his guests (Jennings, Jorian DeWitt, Alton, Wedderburn, were among the few I was acquainted with who were present) awaiting the arrival of a person for whom he professed extraordinary respect. The Dauphin of France was announced. A mild, flabby, amiable-looking old person, with shelving forehead and grey locks—excellently built for the object, Jorian said—entered. The Capet head and embonpoint were there. As far as a personal resemblance might go, his pretensions to be the long-lost Dauphin were grotesquely convincing, for, notwithstanding the accurate picture of the Family presented by him, the man was a pattern bourgeois:—a sturdy impostor, one would have thought, and I thought so when I heard of him; but I have been assured that he had actually grown old in the delusion that he, carrying on his business in the City of London, was the identical Dauphin. Edbury played his part by leading his poor old victim half way to meet his other most honoured guest, hesitating then and craving counsel whether he was right in etiquette to advance the Dauphin so far. The Dauphin left him mildly to decide the point: he was eminently mild throughout, and seems to have thought himself in good faith surrounded by believers and adherents. Edbury's task soon grew too delicate for that coarse boy. In my father's dexterous hands he at once lost his assumption of the gallantry of manner which could alone help him to retain his advantage. When the wine was in him he began to bawl. I could imagine the sort of dialogue he raised. Bets on the Dauphin, bets on Roy: they were matched as on a racecourse. The Dauphin remembered incidents of his residence in the Temple, with a beautiful juvenile faintness; a conscientious angling for recollection, Wedderburn said. Roy was requested to remember something, to drink and refresh his memory: infantine incidents were suggested. He fenced the treacherous host during dinner with superb complacency. The Dauphin was of an immoveable composure. He "stated simple facts: he was the Dauphin of France, providentially rescued from the Temple in the days of the Terror." For this deliverance, somewhat to the consternation of the others, he offered up a short prayer of thanksgiving over his plate. He had, he said, encountered incredulity. He had his proofs. He who had never been on the soil of France since early boyhood, spoke French with a pure accent: he had the physical and moral constitution of the Family: owing to events attending his infant days, he was timid. Jorian imitated him:—"I start at the opening of a door; I see dark faces in my sleep: it is a dungeon; I am at the knees of my Unfortunate Royal Father, with my Beautiful Mother." His French was quaint, but not absurd. He became loquacious, apostrophizing vacancy with uplifted hand and eye. The unwonted invitation to the society of noblemen made him conceive his Dauphinship to be on the high road to a recognition in England, and he was persuaded to drink and exhibit proofs: which were,

that he had the constitution of the Family, as aforesaid, in every particular; that he was peculiarly marked with testificatory spots; and that his mere aspect inspired all members and branch members of the Family with awe and stupefaction. One of the latter, hearing of him, had appointed to meet him in a pastrycook's shop. He met him, and left the place with a cloud on his brow, showing tokens of respectful sympathy. Conceive a monomaniacal obese old English citizen, given to lift hand and eye and address the cornices, claiming to be an Illustrious Boy, and calling on a beautiful historic mother and unfortunate Royal sire to attest it! No wonder the table was shaken with laughter. He appealed to Tenby constantly, as to the one man he knew in the room. Tenby it was who made the discovery of him somewhere in the City, where he earned his livelihood either as a corn-merchant, or a stockbroker, or a chronometer-maker, or a drysalter, and was always willing to gratify a customer with the sight of his proofs of identity. Mr. Tenby made it his business to push his clamorous waggishness for the exhibition. I could readily believe that my father was more than his match in disposable sallies and weight of humour, and that he shielded the old creature successfully, so long as he had a tractable being to protect. But the Dauphin was plied with wine, and the marquis had his fun. Proof upon proof in verification of his claims was proffered by the now tremulous son of St. Louis—so he called himself. With, Jorian admitted, a real courtly dignity, he stood up and proposed to lead the way to any neighbouring cabinet and show the spots on his person; living witnesses to the truth of his allegations, he declared them to be. The squire had authority for his broad farce, except in so far as he mixed up my father in the swinery of it. I grew more and more convinced that my father never could have lost his presence of mind when he found himself in the net of a plot to cover him with ridicule. He was the only one who did not retire to the Dauphin's 'chamber of testification,' to return convulsed with vinous laughter after gravely inspecting the evidence; for which abstention the Dauphin reproached him violently, in round terms of abuse, challenging him to go through a similar process. This was the signal for Edbury, Tenby, and some of the rest. They formed a circle, one half for the Dauphin, one for Roy. How long the boorish fun lasted, and what exactly came of it, I did not hear. Jorian DeWitt said my father lost his temper, a point contested by Wedderburn and Jennings, for it was unknown of him. Anyhow, he thundered to some effect, inasmuch as he detached those that had gentlemanly feelings from the wanton roysterers, and next day the latter pleaded wine. But they told the story, not without embellishments. The world followed their example.

I dined and slept at Temple's house, not caring to meet my incarnate humiliation. I sent to hear that he was safe. A quiet evening with a scholarly man, and a man of strong practical ability and shrewdness, like Mr. Temple, did me good. I wished my father and I were on the same footing as he and his son, and I may add his daughters. They all talked

sensibly; they were at feud with nobody; they reflected their condition. It was a simple orderly English household, of which the father was the pillar, the girls the ornaments, the son the hope, growing to take his father's place. My envy of such a home was acute, and I thought of Janet, and how well she was fashioned to build one resembling it, if only the mate allotted to her should not be a fantastical dreamer. Temple's character seemed to me to demand a wife like Janet on its merits; an idea that depressed me exceedingly. I had introduced Temple to Anna Penrhys, who was very kind to him; but these two were not framed to be other than friends. Janet, on the contrary, might some day perceive the sterling fellow Temple was, notwithstanding his moderate height. She might, I thought. I remembered that I had once wished that she would, and I was amazed at myself. But why? She was a girl sure to marry. I brushed these meditations away. They recurred all the time I was in Temple's house.

Mr. Temple waited for my invitation to touch on my father's case, when he distinctly pronounced his opinion that it could end but in failure. Though a strict Constitutionalist, he had words of disgust for princes, acknowledging, however, that we were not practical in our use of them, and kept them for political purposes, often to the perversion of our social laws and their natural dispositions. He spoke of his son's freak in joining the navy. "That was the princess's doing," said Temple. "She talked of our naval heroes, till she made me feel I had only to wear the anchor-buttons to be one myself. Don't tell her I was invalidated from the service, Richie, for the truth is, I believe, I half shammed. And the time won't be lost. You'll see I shall extract guineas from 'old ocean' like salt. Precious few barristers understand maritime cases. The other day I was in Court, and prompted a great Q.C. in a case of collision. Didn't I, sir?"

"I think there was a hoarse whisper audible up to the judge's seat at intervals," said Mr. Temple.

"The Bar cannot confess to obligations from those who don't wear the robe," Temple rejoined.

His father advised me to read for the Bar, as a piece of very good training.

I appealed to Temple whether he thought it possible to read law-books in a cockboat in a gale of wind.

Temple grimaced and his father nodded. Still it struck me that I might one day have the felicity of quiet hours to sit down with Temple and read law—far behind him in the race. And he envied me, in his friendly manner, I knew. My ambition had been blown to tatters.

A new day dawned. The household rose and met at the breakfast-table, devoid of any dread of the morning newspapers. Their talk was like the chirrup of birds. Temple and his father walked away together to chambers, bent upon actual business—upon doing something! I reflected emphatically, and compared them to ships with rudders, while I was at

the mercy of wind, tide, and wave. I called at Dettermain and Newson's, and heard there of the discovery of a witness essential to the case, either in North Wales or in New South. I did not, as I had intended, put a veto on their proceedings. The thing to do was to see my father, and cut the case at the fountain head. For this purpose it was imperative that I should go to him, and prepare myself for the interview by looking at the newspapers first. I bought one, hastily running my eyes down the columns in the shop. His name was printed, but merely in a fashionable notification that carriages took up and set down for his costume ball according to certain regulations. The relief of comparative obscurity helped me to breathe freely: not to be laughed at, was a gain. I was rather inclined to laud his courage in entering assembly-rooms, where he must be aware that he would see the Dauphin on every face. Perhaps he was guilty of some new extravagance last night, too late for scandal to reinforce the reporters?

Mrs. Waddy had a woeful visage when informing me that he was out, gone to Courtenay Square. She ventured a murmur of bills coming in. Like everybody else, she fancied he drew his supplies from my inexhaustible purse; she hoped the bills would be paid off immediately: the servants' wages were overdue. "Never can I get him to attend to small accounts," she whimpered, and was so ready to cry outright, that I said, "Tush," and with the one word gave her comfort. "Of course, you, Mr. Harry, can settle them, I know that." We were drawing near to poor old Sewis's legacy, even for the settling of the small accounts!

London is a narrow place to one not caring to be seen. I could not remain in this creditor-riddled house; I shunned the parks, the clubs, and the broad brighter streets of the West. Musing on the refreshing change it would be to me to find myself suddenly on board Captain Jasper Welsh's barque *Priscilla*, borne away to strange climes and tongues, the world before me, I put on the striding pace which does not invite interruption, and no one but Edbury would have taken the liberty. I heard his shout. "Halloa! Richmond." He was driving his friend Wittington in his cabriolet. "Richmond, my hearty, where the deuce have you been? I wanted you to dine with me the other night."

I replied, looking at him steadily, that I wished I had been there.

"Compendious larks!" cried he, in the slang of his dog's day. "I say; you're one at Duke Fitz's masquerade to-night? Tell us your toggery. Hang it, you might go for the Black Prince. I'm Prince Hal. Got a headache? Come to my club and try my mixture. Yoicks! it'd make Methuselah and Melchisedec jump up and have a twirl and a fandango. I say, you're thick with that little French actress Chastedian—jolly little woman! too much to say for herself to suit me."

He described the style of woman that delighted him—an ideal English shepherdess of the print-shops, it appeared, and of extremely remote interest to me, I thought at the time. Eventually I appointed to walk round to his club, and he touched his horse gently, and bobbed his

diminutive henchman behind his smart cabriolet, the admiration of the street.

I found him waiting for me on the steps of his club, puffing a cigar with all his vigour, in the classic attitude of a trumpeter. My first words were: "I think I have to accuse you of insulting me."

"Insulting you, Richmond!" he cried, much surprised, holding his cigar in transit.

"If you insult my father, I make you responsible to me."

"Insult old Duke Fitz! I give you my word of honour, Richmond—why, I like him; I like the old boy. Wouldn't hurt him for the world and all Havannah. What the deuce have you got into your head? Come in and smoke."

The mention of his dinner and the Dauphin crazed him with laughter. He begged me as a man to imagine the scene: the old bloated Bourbon of London Wall and Camberwell! an Illustrious Boy!—drank like a fish!—ready to show himself to the waiters! And then with "Gee" and "Gaw," the marquis spouted out reminiscences of scene, the best ever witnessed! "Up starts the Dauphin. 'Damn you, sir! and damn me, sir, if I believe you have a spot on your whole body!' And snuffles and puffs—you should have been there, Richmond. I wrote to ask you: did, upon my life! I wanted you there. Lord! why, you won't get such fun in a century. And old Roy! he behaved uncommonly finely; said capital things, by Jove! Never saw him shine so; old trump! Says Dauphin, 'My beautiful mother had a longing for strawberries out of season. I am marked with a strawberry, here.' Says Roy: 'It is an admirable and roomy site, but as I am not your enemy, sir, I doubt if I shall often have the opportunity to behold it.' Ha! ha!—gee! Richmond, you've missed the deucedest good scene ever acted."

How could I, after having had an adversary like Prince Otto, call upon a fellow such as Edbury to give me reason for his conduct? He rolled and laughed until my ungovernable impatience brought him to his senses.

"Dash it, you're a fire-eater I know, Richmond. We can't fight in this country; ain't allowed. And fighting's infernal folly. By Jove! if you're going to tumble down every man who enjoys old Roy, you've your work cut out for you. He's long chalks the best joke out. 'Twixt you and me, he did return thanks. What does it matter what old Duke Fitz does? I give him a lift on his ladder with all my heart. He keeps a capital table. And I'll be hanged if he hasn't got the secret of the women. How he does it,—old Roy! If the lords were ladies they'd vote him premier peer, double quick. And I'll tell you what, Richmond, I'm thought a devil of a good-tempered fellow for not keeping watch over Courtenay Square. I don't call it my business to be house-dog for a pretty stepmother. But there's talking and nodding, and oh! leave all that: come in and smoke, and let me set you up; and I'll shake your hand. Halloa! I'm hailed."

A lady, grasping the veil across her face, beckoned her hand from a closed carriage below. Edbury ran down to her. I caught sight of ravishing golden locks, reminding me of Mabel Sweetwinter's hair, and pricking me with a sensation of spite at the sex for their deplorable madness in the choice of favourites. Edbury called me to come to the carriage-window. I moved slowly, but the carriage wheeled about and rolled away. I could just see the outline of a head muffled in furs and lace.

"Queer fish, women!" he delivered himself of the philosophical ejaculation cloudily. I was not on terms with him to offer any remark upon the one in question. His imperturbable good humour foiled me, and I left him, merely giving him a warning, to which his answer was: "Oh! come in and have a bottle of claret."

Claret or brandy had done its work on him by the time I encountered him some hours later, in the Park. Bramham DeWitt, whom I met in the same neighbourhood, offered me a mount after lunch, advising me to keep near my father as much as I conveniently could; and he being sure to appear in the Park, I went, and heard his name to the right and left of me. He was now, as he said to me once that he should become, "the tongue of London." I could hardly expect to escape from curious scrutiny myself; I was looked at. Here and there I had to lift my hat and bow. The stultification of one's feelings and ideas in circumstances which divide and set them at variance, is worse than positive pain. The looks shed on me were rather flattering, but I knew that in the background I was felt to be the son of the notorious. Edbury came trotting up to us like a shaken sack, calling, "Heigh! any of you seen old Roy?" Bramham DeWitt, a stiff fashionable man of fifty, proud of his blood and quick as his cousin Jorian to resent an impertinence, replied: "Are you the Marquis of Edbury, or a drunken groom, sir?"

"'Gad, old gentleman, I've half a mind to ride you down," said Edbury, and, espying me, challenged me to a race to run down the fogies.

A cavalcade of six abreast came cantering along. I saw my father listen to a word from Lady Edbury, and push his horse to intercept the marquis. They spoke. "Presently, presently," my father said; "ride to the rear, and keep at half a stone's throw—say, a groom's distance."

"Groom be hanged!" Edbury retorted. "I made a bet I'd drive you out of the Park, old Roy!"

"Ride behind, then," said my father, and to my astonishment Edbury obeyed him, with laughter. Lady Edbury smiled to herself; and I experienced the esteem I perceived in her for a masterful manner. A few minutes later my father beckoned me to pay my respects to Graf Kesensky, an ambassador with strong English predilections and some influence among us. He asked me if he was right in supposing I wished to enter Parliament. I said he was, wondering at the interest a foreigner could find in it. The count stopped a quiet-pacing gentleman. Bramham DeWitt joined them, and a group of friends. I was introduced to Mr. Beauchamp Hill, the Government whip, who begged me to call on him with reference

to the candidature of a Sussex borough: that is," said he turning to Graf Kesensky, "if you're sure the place is open? I've heard nothing of Falmouth's accident." The count replied that Falmouth was his intimate friend; he had received a special report that Falmouth was dying, just as he was on the point of mounting his horse. "We shan't have lost time," said Mr. Hill. The Government wanted votes. I went down to the House of Commons at midnight to see him. He had then heard of Falmouth's hopeless condition, and after extracting my political views, which were for the nonce those of a happy subserviency, he expressed his belief that the new writ for the borough of Chippenden might be out, and myself seated on the Government benches, within a very short period. Nor would it be necessary, he thought, for the Government nominee to spend money: "though *that* does not affect you, Mr. Richmond!" My supposititious wealth gave me currency even in political circles.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I BECOME ONE OF THE CHOSEN OF THE NATION.

AN entire revulsion in my feelings and my way of thinking was caused by this sudden change of prospect. A member of our Parliament, I could then write to Ottilia, and tell her that I had not wasted time. And it was due to my father, I confessed, when he returned from his ball at dawn, that I should thank him for speaking to Graf Kesensky. "Oh!" said he, "that was our luck, Richie. I have been speaking about you to hundreds for the last six months, and now we owe it to a foreigner!" I thanked him again. He looked eminently handsome in his Henry III. costume, and was disposed to be as luxurious as his original. He had brought Count Lika, Secretary of Legation to the Austrian Embassy, dressed as an Albanian, with him. The two were stretched on couches, and discoursing of my father's reintroduction of the sedan chair to society. My father explained that he had ordered a couple of dozen of these chairs to be built on a pattern of his own. And he added, "By the way, Richie, there will be sedaniers—porters to pay to-day. Poor men should be paid immediately." I agreed with the monarch. Contemplating him, I became insensible to the sting of ridicule which had been shooting through me, agonizing me for the last eight-and-forty hours. Still I thought: can I never escape from the fascination?—let me only get into Parliament! The idea in me was that Parliament lifted me nearer to Ottilia, and would prompt me to resolute action, out of his tangle of glittering cobwebs. I told him of my interview with Beauchamp Hill. "I have never known Kesensky wrong yet," said he; "except in his backing of Falmouth's horses." Count Lika murmured that he hoped his chief would be wrong in something else: he spoke significantly. My father raised eyebrows. "In his opinion," Lika accepted the invitation

to pursue, "Prince Ernest will not let that announcement stand uncontradicted."

My father's eyes dwelt on him. "Are *we* accused of it?"

Lika slipped from the question. "Who is accused of a newspaper's doings? It is but the denial of a statement."

"I dare them to deny it!—and Lika, my dear fellow, light me a cigarette," said my father.

"Then," said Lika, touching the flame delicately, "you take the view that Kesensky is wrong in another thing besides horses."

I believe he struck on the subject casually: there was nothing for him to gain or lose in it; and he had a liking for my father.

After puffing the cigarette twice or thrice my father threw it down, resuming his conversation upon the sedan, the appropriate dresses of certain of the great masquerading ladies, and an incident that appeared to charge Jorian DeWitt with having misconducted himself. The moment Lika had gone upstairs for two or three hours' sleep, he said to me: "Richie, you and I have no time for that. We must have a man at Falmouth's house by eight o'clock. If the scrubbing-maid on all fours—not an inelegant position, I have remarked—declares him dead, we are at Bartlett's (money-lender) by ten: and in Chippenden borough before two post meridian. As I am a tactician, there is mischief! but I will turn it to my uses as I did our poor Jorian to-night;—he smuggled in the Chasediane: I led her out on my arm. Of that by and by. The point is, that from your oath in Parliament you fly to Sarkeld. I implore you now, by your love for me and the princess, not to lose precious minutes. Richie, we will press things so that you shall be in Sarkeld by the end of the month. My son! my dear boy! how you loved me once!—you do still! then follow my directions. I have a head. Ay, you think it wild? 'Tis true, my mother was a poetess. But I will convince my son as I am convincing the world—tut tut! To avoid swelling talk, I tell you, Richie, I have my hand on the world's wheel, and now is the time for you to spring from it and gain your altitude. If you fail *my* success is emptiness."

"Will you avoid Edbury and his like, and protect yourself?" was my form of stipulation, spoken to counteract his urgency.

He gave no answer beyond a wave of the hand suitable to his princely one-coloured costume of ruffled lavender silk, and the magnificent leg he turned to front me. My senses even up to that period were so impressionable as to be swayed by a rich dress and a grand manner when circumstances were not too unfavourable. Now they seemed very favourable, for they offered me an upward path to tread. His appearance propitiated me less after he had passed through the hands of his man Tollingby, but I had again surrendered the lead to him. As to the risk of proceedings being taken against him, he laughed scornfully at the suggestion. "They dare not. The more I dare, the less dare they." Again I listened to his curious roundabout reasoning, which dragged

humour at its heels like a comical cur, proclaiming itself imposingly, in spite of the mongrel's barking, to be prudence and common sense. Could I deny that I owed him gratitude for the things I cherished most?—for my acquaintance with Ottilia?—for his services in Germany?—for the prospect of my elevation in England? I could not; and I tried hard to be recklessly grateful. As to money, he reiterated that he could put his hand on it to satisfy the squire on the day of accounts: for the present we must borrow. His argument upon borrowing—which I knew well, and wondered that I did not at the outset disperse with a breath of contempt—gained on me singularly when reviewed under the light of my immediate interests: it ran thus:—We have a rich or a barren future, just as we conceive it. The art of generalship in life consists in gathering your scattered supplies to suit a momentous occasion; and it is the future which is chiefly in debt to us, and adjures us for its sake to fight the fight and conquer. That man is vile and fit to be trampled on, who cannot count his future in gold and victory. If, as we find, we are always in debt to the past, we should determine that the future is in our debt, and draw on it. Why let our future lie idle while we need succour? For instance, to-morrow I am to have what saves my reputation in the battle to-day: shall I not take it at once? The military commander who acts on that principle overcomes his adversary to a certainty. "You, Richie, the member for this borough of Chippenden, have won solid ground. I guarantee it to you. And you go straight from the hustings on the first taste of parliamentary benches to Sarkeld: you take your grandad's proposition to Prince Ernest: you bring back the prince's acceptance to the squire. Can you hope to have a princess without a battle for her?" More and much more in this strain, until—for he could read me and most human beings swiftly on the surface, notwithstanding the pressure of his fancifulness—he perceived that talking influenced me far less than activity, and so after a hurried breakfast and an innocuous glance at the damp morning papers, we started to the money-lender's, with Jennings to lend his name. We were in Chippenden close upon the hour my father had named, bringing to the startled electors the first news of their member's death.

During the heat of the canvass for votes I received a kind letter from the squire in reply to one of mine, wherein he congratulated me on my prospects of success, and wound up: "Glad to see it announced you are off with that princess of yours. Show them we are as proud as they, Harry, and a fig for the whole foreign lot! Come to Riversley soon, and be happy." What did that mean? Heriot likewise said in a letter: "So it's over? The proud prince kicks? You will not thank me for telling you now what you know I think about it." I appealed to my father. "Canvass! canvass!" cried he; and he persistently baffled me. It was from Temple I learnt that on the day of our starting for Chippenden, the newspapers contained a paragraph in large print flatly denying, upon authority, that there was any foundation for the report of

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an intended marriage between the Princess of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld and an English gentleman. Then I remembered how that morning my father had flung the papers down, complaining of their dampness.

Would such denial have appeared without Otilia's sanction?

My father proved I was harnessed to him; there was no stopping, no time for grieving. Pace was his specific. He dragged me the round of the voters; he gave dinners at the inn of true Liberals, and ate of them contentedly; he delivered speeches incessantly. The whole force of his serio-comic genius was alive in its element at Chippenden. From balls and dinners, and a sharp contest to maintain his position in town, he was down among us by the first morning train, bright as Apollo, and quite the sun of the place, dazzling the independent electors and their wives, and even me somewhat; amazing me, certainly. Dettermain, his lawyer, who had never seen him in action, and supposed he would treat an election as he did his case, with fits and starts of energy, was not less astonished, and tried to curb him.

"Mr. Dettermain, my dear sir, I apprehend it is the electoral maxim to woo the widowed borough with the tear in its eye, and I shall do so hotly, in a right masculine manner," my father said. "We have the start; and if we beat the enemy by nothing else we will beat him by constitution. We are the first in the field, and not to reap it is to acknowledge oneself deficient in the very first instrument with which grass was cut."

Our difficulty all through the election was to contend with his humour. The many triumphs it won for him, both in speech and in action, turned at least the dialectics of the argument against us, and amusing, flattering, or bewildering, contributed to silence and hold us passive. Political convictions of his own, I think I may say with truth, he had none. He would have been just as powerful, after his fashion, on the Tory side, pleading for Mr. Normanton Hipperdon; more, perhaps: he would have been more in earnest. His store of political axioms was Tory; but he did remarkably well, and with no great difficulty, in confuting them to the wives of voters, to the voters themselves, and at public assemblies. Our adversary was redoubtable; a promising Opposition member, ousted from his seat in the North—a handsome man, too, which my father admitted, and wealthy, being junior partner in a city banking firm. Anna Penrhys knew him, and treacherously revealed some of the enemy's secrets, notably concerning what he termed our incorrigible turn for bribery.

"And that means," my father said, "that Mr. Hipperdon does not possess the art of talking to the ladies. I shall try him in repartee on the hustings. I must contrive to have our Jorian at my elbow."

The task of getting Jorian to descend upon such a place as Chippenden worried my father more than electoral anxieties. Jorian wrote: "My best wishes to you. Be careful of your heads. The habit of the Anglo-Saxon is to conclude his burlesques with a play of cudgels. It is his notion of freedom, and at once the exordium and peroration of his eloquence. Spare me the Sussex accent on your return."

My father read out the sentences of this letter with admiring bursts of indignation at the sarcasms, and an evident idea that I inclined to jealousy of the force displayed.

"But we must have him," he said; "I do not feel myself complete without Jorian."

So he made dispositions for a concert to be given in Chippenden town. Jenny Chassediane was invited down to sing, and Jorian came in her wake, of course. He came to suffer tortures. She was obliging enough to transform me into her weapon of chastisement upon the poor fellow for his behaviour to her at the Ball—atrocious, I was bound to confess: in my opinion, very much worse towards my father. On this point she hesitated just long enough to imply a doubt whether, under any circumstances, the dues of men should be considered before those of the sex, and then struck her hands together with enthusiasm for my father, who was, she observed—critical in millinery in the height of her ecstasy—the most majestic, charming, handsome Henri III. imaginable, the pride and glory of the assembly, only one degree too rosy at night for the tone of the lavender, needing a touch of French hands, and the merest trifle in want of compression about the waistband. She related that a certain Prince Henri d'Angleterre had buzzed at his ear annoyingly. "Et Gascogne, où est-il?" called the King, and the Judge stepped forth to correct the obstreperous youth. The judge was Jennings, clearly prepared by my father to foil the Prince—no other than Edbury. It was incomprehensible to me that my father should tolerate the latter's pranks; unless, indeed, he borrowed his name to bonds of which I heard nothing. Mademoiselle Chassediane vowed that her own dress was ravishing. She went attired as a boudoir-shepherdess, or demurely-coquettish Sèvres china Ninette, such of whom Louis Quinze would chuck the chin down the deadly-introductory walks of Versailles. The reason of her desiring to go was the fatal sin of curiosity, and, therefore, her sex's burden, not hers. Jorian was a Mousquetaire, with plumes and ruffles prodigious, and a hen's heart beneath his cock's feathers. "Pour-tant j'y allai. I saw your great ladies, how they carry themselves when they would amuse themselves, and, mon Dieu! Paris has done its utmost to grace their persons, and the length of their robes did the part of Providence in bestowing height upon them, parceque, vous savez, Monsieur, c'est extraordinaire comme ils ont les jambes courtes, ces Anglaises!" Our aristocracy, however, was not so bad in that respect as our bourgeoisie; yet it was easy to perceive that our female aristocracy, though they could ride, had never been drilled to walk:—"de belles femmes, oui; seulement, tenez, je n'admire ni les yeux de vache, ni de souris, ni même ceux de verre comme ornement féminin. Avec de l'embonpoint elles font de l'effet, mais maigre il n'y a aucune illusion possible." This vindictive critic smarted, with cause, at the recollection of her walk out of the rooms. Jorian's audacity or infatuation quitted him immediately after he had gratified her whim. The stout Mousque-

taire placed her in a corner, and enveloped her there, declaring that her petition had been that she might come to see, not to be seen,—as if, she cried out tearfully, the two wishes must not necessarily exist together, like the masculine and the feminine in this world! Prince Hal, acting the most profligate period of his career, espied her behind the Mousquetaire's moustache, and did not fail to make much of his discovery. In a perilous moment for the reputation of the Ball, my father handed him over to Gascoigne, and conducted Jenny in a leisurely walk on his arm out of the rooms.

"Il est comme les Romains," she said: "he never despairs for himself. It is a Jupiter! If he must punish you he confers a dignity in doing it. Now I comprehend that with such women as these grandes dames Anglaises I should have done him harm but for his greatness of soul."

Some harm, I fancied, must have been done, in spite of his boast to the contrary. He had to be in London every other night, and there were tales current of intrigues against him which had their sources from very lofty regions. But in Chippenden he threw off London, just as lightly as in London he discarded Chippenden. No symptom of personal discouragement, or of fatigue, was betrayed in his face. I spoke once of that paragraph purporting to emanate from Prince Ernest.

"It may," he said. "Business! Richie."

He set to counting the promises of votes, disdaining fears and reflections. Concerts, cricket-matches, balls, dinner-parties, and the round of the canvass, and speech-making at our gatherings, occupied every minute of my time, except on Saturday evenings, when I rode over to Riversley with Temple to spend the Sunday. Temple, always willing to play second to me, and a trifle melancholy under his partial eclipse—which, perhaps, suggested the loss of Janet to him—would have it that this election was one of the realizations of our boyish dreams of greatness. Heriot did not come to help me through my contest, for the reason, scarcely credible to his friends, that he was leading some wealthy lady to the altar. Janet's brows were gloomy at his name. That he, who was her model of gallantry, should marry in hot haste for money, degraded also her, who admired and liked him, and had, it may be, in a fit of natural rallying from grief, borne her part in a little game of trifling with him. The sentiments of Julia Bulsted were not wounded, by any means. She rejoiced to hear of Walter Heriot's having sense at last: to marry for money was the best thing he could do; and she rather twitted Janet for objecting, as a woman, to what was a compliment, and should be a comfort, to a jealous mind. The ladies were working rosettes for me. My aunt Dorothy talked very anxiously about the day appointed by my father to repay the large sum expended. All hung upon that day, she said, speaking from her knowledge of the squire. She was moved to an extreme distress by the subject.

"He is confident, Harry; but where can he obtain the money? If your grandfather sees it invested in your name in Government securities,

he will be satisfied, not otherwise : nothing less will satisfy him ; and if that is not done, he will join you and your father together in his mind ; and as he has hitherto treated one he will treat both. I know him. He is just, to the extent of his vision ; but he will not be able to separate you. He is aware that your father has not restricted his expenses since they met ; he will say, you should have used your influence."

She insisted on this, until the tears streamed from her eyes, telling me that my grandfather was the most upright and unsuspecting of men, and precisely on that account the severest when he thought he had been deceived. The fair chances of my election did not console her, as it did me by dazzling me. She affirmed strongly that she was sure my father expected success at the election to be equivalent to the promised restitution of the money, and begged me to warn him that nothing short of the sum squandered would be deemed sufficient at Riversley. My dear aunt, good woman though she was, seemed to me to be waxing miserly. The squire had given her the name of Parsimony ; she had vexed him, Janet told me, by subscribing a miserable sum to a sailors' asylum that he patronized—a sum he was ashamed to see standing as the gift of a Beltham, and she had stopped the building of a wing of her village school-house, designed upon his plan. Altogether, she was fretful and distressful ; she appeared to think that I could have kept my father in better order. Riversley was hearing new and strange reports of him. But how could I at Chippenden thwart his proceedings in London. Besides, he was serving me indefatigably.

It can easily be imagined what description of banter he had to meet and foil.

"This gentleman is obliging enough to ask me, 'How about the Royal Arms?' If in his extreme consideration he means to indicate *my* Arms, I will inform him that they are open to him ; he shall find entertainment for man and beast ; so he is *doubly* assured of a welcome."

Questioned whether he did not think he was entitled to be rated at the value of half-a-crown, he protested that whatever might be the sum of his worth, he was pure coin, of which neither party in Chippenden could accuse the silver of rubbing off ; and he offered forthwith an impromptu apologue of a copper penny that passed itself off for a crown piece, and deceived a portion of the country : that was why (with a wave of the arm over the Hipperdon faction) it had a certain number of backers ; for everybody on whom the counterfeit had been foisted, praised it to keep it in the currency.

"Now, gentlemen, I apprehend that Chippenden is not the pocket-borough for Hipperdon coin. Back with him to the Mint ! and, with your permission, we will confiscate the first syllable of his name, while we consign him to oblivion, with a hip, hip, hip, hurrah for Richmond !"

The cheers responded thunderingly, and were as loud when he answered a "How 'bout the Dauphin?" by saying that it was the Tory hotel, of which he knew nothing.

"A cheer for old Roy!" Edbury sung out.

My father checked the roar, and turned to him.

"Marquis of Edbury, come to the front!"

Edbury declined to budge, but the fellows round him edged aside to show him a mark for my father's finger.

"Gentlemen, this is the young Marquis of Edbury, a member of the House of Lords by right of his birth, born to legislate for you and me. He, gentlemen, makes our laws. Examine him, hear him, meditate on him."

He paused cruelly for Edbury to open his mouth. The young lord looked confounded, and from that moment behaved becomingly.

"He might have been doing mischief to-morrow," my father said to me, and by letting me conceive his adroitness a matter of design, comforted me with proofs of intelligent power, and made me feel less the melancholy conjunction of a piece of mechanism and a piece of criticism, which I was fast growing to be in the contemplation of the agencies leading to honour in our land. Edbury whipped his four-in-hand to conduct our voters to the poll. We had to pull hard against Tory interest. It was a sharp, dubious, hot day—a day of outcries against undue influence and against bribery—a day of beer and cheers and the insanest of tricks to cheat the polling-booth. Old John Thresher of Dipwell, and Farmer Eckerthy drove over to Chippenden to afford me aid and countenance, disconcerting me by the sight of them, for I associated them with Janet rather than with Otilia, and it was towards Otilia that I should have felt myself rising when the figures increased their pace in my favour, and the yeasty mob surrounding my father's superb four-horsed chariot responded to his orations by proclaiming me victor.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Richmond," Dettermain said. "Up to this day I have had my fears that we should haul more moonshine than fish in our net. Your father has accomplished prodigies."

My father, with the bloom of success on his face, led me aside soon after a safe majority of upwards of seventy had been officially announced. "Now, Richie," said he, "you are a Member. Now to the squire away! Thank the multitude and off, and as quick to Sarkeld as you well can; and tell the squire from me that I pardon his suspicions. I have landed you a Member—that will satisfy him. I am willing, tell him . . . you know me competent to direct mines . . . bailiff of his estates—whatever he pleases to effect a reconciliation. I must be in London to-night—I am in the thick of the fray there. No matter: go, my son."

He embraced me. It was not a moment for me to catechise him, though I could see that he was utterly deluded.

Between moonlight and morning, riding with Temple and Captain Bulsted on either side of me, I drew rein under the red Grange windows, tired, and in love with its air of sleepy grandeur. Janet's window was open. I hailed her. "Has he won?" she sang out in the dark of her room, as though the cry of delight came upon the leap from bed. She

was dressed. She had commissioned Farmer Eckerthy to bring her the news at any hour of the night. Seeing me, she clapped hands. "Harry, I congratulate you a thousand times." She had wit to guess that I should never have thought of coming had not I been the winner. I could just discern the curve and roll of her famed thick brown hair in the happy shrug of her shoulder, and imagined the full stream of it as she leaned out of window to talk to us. Janet herself unfastened the hall-door bolts. She caressed the horses, feverishly exulting, with charming subdued laughter of victory and welcome, and amused us by leading my horse round to stables, and whistling for one of the lads, playing what may, now and then, be a pretty feature in a young woman of character—the fair tom-boy girl. She and her maid prepared coffee and toast for us, and entered the hall, one after the other, laden with dishes of cold meat; and not until the Captain had eaten well did she tell him slyly that somebody, whom she had brought to Riversley yesterday, was abed and asleep upstairs. The slyness and its sisterly innocence lit up our eyes, and our hearts laughed. Her cheeks were deliciously overcoloured. We stole I know not what from the night and the day, and conventional circumstances, and rallied Captain Bulsted, and behaved as decorous people who treat the night properly, and live by rule, do not quite do. Never since Janet was a girl had I seen her so spirited and responsive: the womanly armour of half-reserve was put away. We chatted with a fresh-hearted natural young creature that forfeited not a particle of her ladyship while she made herself our comrade in talk and frolic.

Janet and I walked part of the way to the station with Temple, who had to catch an early train, and returning—the song of skylarks covering us—joined hands, having our choice between nothing to say, and the excess; perilous both. We did not part without such a leave-taking as is held to be the privilege of lovers.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A FIRST STRUGGLE WITH MY FATHER.

JANET's desire that her grandada should taste of her happiness, sent her to intercept him on his way to the breakfast-table. The blush of her cheek sufficed. I knew what had occurred when he hailed me freshly, rubbing his hands.

"So you're one of the Commons, Hal? Whacking majority? No? You're in, though, like the thief who filched St. Peter's keys.—'Come out,' says Peter. 'No,' says Bob Thief, 'I was a first-rate thief, more than your match t'other side the gate, and now I'm here for the reward of my craft,' says he, 'I'm washed white in a jiffy.'—All he had to do was to learn to sing. Lord forgive us! and let's to prayers. Harry there's a seat for you next to Janet. Captain and his wife 'll take chairs

opposite. Dorothy, my dear, we can't wait for them. Sooner breakfast's over the better; I want to have a talk with Mr. Hal. Harry, boy, I shall drink your health to-night. We'll scrape together a party. Janet, my girl, I don't mind a dance. The pleasure of life is to feel at home in your own house; and deuced few who do."

Notwithstanding the continued absence of Captain Bulsted and Julia, the squire insisted on my taking a chair beside Janet's; and I certainly felt a difference in being seated near, or away, from her. The hot flush of yesterday's triumph had not cooled. At a little distance, I yearned to have her within reach of an arm, but I could weigh her looks and actions. Close to her, close upon touching her, the temptation was lightly resisted, but my senses accepted everything she did, uncritically. And they might well do so. She supposed that we were one at heart, and betrothed; and a marvellously alluring, faintly-shadowed impossibility for her eyes to dwell hard or long on mine in the newness of her happiness, would have pleased even the critic I no more could be. Nor was there too much of this, as with damsels and dames inclining to push their prettinesses by overacting the delicate emotion. Her smile was not the accustomed staring daylight one, and had narrowed and gentler dimples. The frown of her marked eyebrows was rare, and when it came quivered. It never had been a frown of darkness; now it was like a bird alighting. She talked of the election: she wished she had been there.

"Just as well go to battle," said the squire; and eyeing her: "I believe you, my dear. You're the girl to back a husband. No; you keep out of the dust. Don't you be henchman to your lord and master till the house is attacked. Tough work yesterday, Hal?"

"And Harry, why were you all in white?" Janet interposed.

"Oho! they floured him, did they?" the squire laughed.

"There was an idea in it, I am sure," said Janet.

"Meant, 'I'm a clean-looking fellow, the right sort of man for you;' eh, Hal?"

"Something the Romans did, or the Greeks, grandada, depend upon it."

She nodded knowingly at a turn of mine for tiny pedantries.

"What was it, Hal? Let's hear."

"Well, sir, it was a white suit in the morning."

"Top to toe? Hat and all?"

"Cap-à-pie, sir."

"Humph," he put on a right English pucker of the features. "Ha! All in white. Why, 'mn it! that's a penitent's dress. Was that the idea? Long sheet and candles? Didn't they call you a crowing chorister? I think I should have chaffed you, Mr. Hal. Froth's white, so's goose, curate, eggflip, give-up-the-ghost, oysters, and the liver that hoists the feather. I'd have been down upon you; couldn't ha' kept my tongue off you, if I'd been there. White! by the Lord, I'd ha' clapped a round of orange-blossoms on you. Why, you must have looked as if

Lot's wife had dropped you after she turned her head back. All in white, by George! like a candidate for the sepulchre. Did you go about horizontal? Vote for the corpse! Be dished, Hal, if that white suit was your own idea!"

"There I'm against you, grandada," said Janet, and appealed to my aunt Dorothy, who was of her opinion that the squire had better not be allowed to catch scent of my father in Chippenden, and observed: "Harry always had a liking for light colours; so had his mother."

"A little ballast won't do him harm. A pitcher o' common sense at his elbow!" rejoined the squire. "Hang that 'all in white!' I shall have a nightmare o' that. It's not English. I hate a fellow in a Tom Fool's uniform. Fancy how you'd look in a caricature. Wonder the mob didn't borrow you to chalk their alehouse scores! White! why, election time's the time for showing your colours."

"Yellow and blue stand out well on white," said Janet.

We saw that he was scenting hard in the track of my father, for sign of which he asked first: "Were you the only one in white?" And then: "How much did this election cost you?"

I stopped him by saying: "To begin with, we may put down the cost of the white hat for five-and-twenty shillings."

"Oh, I shall pay all the costs, and I mean to look at the items for myself," said he.

Inspired by Janet, he recovered his cheerfulness, but it was a fleeting glimpse of domestic sunshine. He carried me off to the library, where, telling me he had seen by his girl's face that all was right, he wished to know whether I objected to his driving over to Ilchester at once: nothing but a formality, he remarked. The formality terminated, a word to his lawyer, and the parson had only to publish the banns. It was painful to see him waving his flag of contentment from the summit of his house of cards, which a breath from me was to overturn instantly. I tempered it as well as I could; and indeed I was guilty of something more. We were threatened with a repetition of previous scenes between us. "I'm an old man," he said, almost tremblingly, but frowning, at my request to him not to hurry me. "That princess of yours has thrown you over, what do you want to wait for? A month's enough. I mean to see my family floated in a cradle before I'm off, and a girl like my Janet to look after it. She won't breed dolts nor cowards. I can leave her, with a heart content, to suckle Englishmen. You're not going to keep me in suspense now you're come to your senses? It seems to be you that's for playing the girl."

To my mind it seemed that Janet might have played her sex's part, if but a very little. Not reflecting on her natural impulse (for she loved him) to make him happy in his heart's dearest wish, my vision of her was ruffled and darkened by the unfeminine precipitancy. I admitted that a kiss was as good as a pledge in the estimation of a frankly-natured girl who respected the man she loved, but considering that no distinct word

had been spoken by me, I thought she should also have delayed her confidences. It was true that she had betrayed herself by no more than a blush and altered eyes; the old man dwelt on it to prove his penetration. I blamed her because it was necessary to me that she should appear blameworthy, and worthy merely of such esteem as the wording of his praises of her kindled in the imagination of a most exquisitely-refining idiot. We entered upon the well-known wrangle; the misunderstandings, the explications, the highly-seasoned phrasings of wrath: with this difference, that I did consent slightly to temporize, and he to coax and bribe. He hinted at the matter of the banker's book as a thing of small account, supposing I now meant to behave like a man. I was tempted. A reflux of sentiment brought Ottilia's voice to my ear. I said bluntly: "I can't be bound. I can do nothing until I hear from the princess herself that she refuses me."

He seized on the salient feature promptly: "So you stick 'twixt two women, do you, ready for one or t'other!" His exclamation, for a comment on a man in such a position, was withering.

He offered to pay my father's debts under five thousand pounds.

I could not help smiling.

"Sneer away," said he. "The fellow lets you think he snaps his fingers at money. He's a hound by day and a badger by night after it. Come now, quick, Harry, you! are we where we stood when he tried to palaver me in my bailiff's cottage? or does all go easy, with a shake o' the hand? I'm a man of my word. I gave you my word about your princess, but not if you turn out a liar, the fellow's confederate, hunting in couples with him, and waiting for my death to shoot up my money in fireworks. And you can't have her!—she's rejected you; we have it printed. Janet showed it to me. What are you lifting your eyebrows at? She had a right to show it. She smuggles a lot, I wager; I don't always see my own newspapers! Come: do you take her, or not?"

I stated my regret that, as I stood at present . . . He cut me short. "Then tell him I expect to hear from him on the day appointed—five days from the present, that is. I won't have excuses. I'll have the money down. It's for you, not for me—it's your money. But he shall be as good as his word to me—fiddle his word!—or I draw back mine to you, and you may go courting your princess on your own funds. There, go, or I shall be in for a fit of the gout. I generally have a twinge whenever I catch sight of you now."

Janet was walking on the lawn. We both glanced at the window, and he muttered, "None of that game of yours of two at a time. I won't have my girl worried. You think she can't feel—you don't know her yet. She has felt your conduct all her life: she grows straight and strong because she never pities herself. Girl's as sweet as a nut—she's straight as a lily. She's a compassionate thing. You don't think she's not been proposed for? I've kept her out of the way of every other young fellow as much as I could. I haven't been kind—I haven't been kind to her.

"May God bless her! and I hope she'll forgive me." The old man's voice came through tears—I had not to look in his face to be aware of it. The pain of evading Janet was sharp, and stung pride as well as tenderness. Her figure on the lawn, while my old grandfather spoke of her, wore the light of individual character which defined her clearly from other women. She was raising the head of a rose at her arm's length, barely bending her neck to it, nor the line of her back. 'A compassionate thing,' as he who loved her said of her, the act and the attitude combined to symbolize the orderly, simple unpretendingness of her nature. A flower had a flower's place in her regard, and, I knew, a man a man's. She could stoop low to me,—to me this stately girl could bend, and take the shapes and many colours of a cloud running up the wind. Her heart was mine. I felt as though I were tossing and catching, and might, at one moment, miss it, when I had left the house.

I felt, too, that I must sound my nature for the cause of these perpetual slippings from self-respect, and, while following out the Platonic inquiry as to Temperance, determined to ensure it, in the modern sense, for the beginning of a new scheme of life that should tame my blood, and help me to be my own master.

Grievously dissatisfied with myself, I was rendered more competent to deal with my father. The blow had to be struck at once; so I told him that the squire expected the money to be paid, adding that if it was not paid, I should have to consider myself disinherited. "And this is final, sir, you may be sure of it." I had come prepared for verbosity. He looked profoundly grave, and was silent. Casting an eye on him after a while, I saw that he was either meditating to a great depth, or was in a collapse of his powers. He breathed heavily, his hands resting on the length of an arm-chair, lifted and fell. Was this an evidence of feeling, of reflection, or of stupefaction? I pressed him:—"Borrowing a sum like that is out of the question; besides, I won't consent to the attempt. Would it be as well to write to Prince Ernest for the amount sunk over there?"

Without hearing a word from him, my quickly-lighted suspicions gathered that this sum had been repaid, in which case it had, to a certainty, been spent.

"Then we can't reckon upon it. We have nothing, as far as I can see. I don't know what I have been fancying possible. I believed you when you said you would be ready for the day. Are there still any resources you have unknown to me?"

He tapped on the arm-chair. "Let me think, Richie,—let me think."

His act of thinking resembled that of sleeping. I stated my intention to return to him at dinner-time, and went off in search of my consoler, Temple, of whom I asked the favour of a bed under his happy roof.

"It's your own room there," said Temple. "Do you go to the House to-night? I'll sit up for you. Heriot was here this morning."

He was too full of a catastrophe that had overwhelmed Heriot's marriage-ceremony to listen much to me. The gist of it was, that a gipsy

girl known to us two had presented herself—he was not sure whether before the altar or at the bride's house—and effectually stopped the marriage. Heriot came to him in a laughing fury, to say that he stood released. He was mortally dreading to behold the affair in newspaper print—which seemed to be his principal concern; and I was not sorry I had a companion in that most melancholy of apprehensions. Sorry for Heriot himself no friend of his could well be. He had a way of his own of regarding things, and a savage humour defying sympathy. He confided to Temple his modest wish to catch and 'thrash' the black girl, out of compliment to her predilection for a beating with hands rather than wordy abuse. Her fiery boldness had captured his admiration, though it made him smart.

"No, but just fancy!" Temple continued saying, even after I had related my weightier circumstances.

Like others who contrive always to keep the plain straight line of the working world, he enjoyed from compassionate amusement the deviations of his friends, and he obtained his recreation in that manner, with a certain abuse of his natural delicacy, for he would go on speculating: "What can she have meant by it?" when a thought might have told him that she must have had, by her interpretation, a right to act as she had done. Perceiving this at last, his feast on the startling and the dramatic was displaced by a sense of outraged propriety, and he was hardly like my old friend at all in the way he spoke of the girl.

My father had been thinking to very little purpose during my absence. He denounced the squire's hardness and obstinacy in not being satisfied with a princess and a Member of Parliament. The interval had restored his tongue to him. Yet he had a scheme, he said, a plan, a method: but he was impatient for the dinner-bell, and would not communicate it. He looked exhausted, several times he begged me to preserve my good spirits, declaring that I suffered my health to droop, and there was no occasion for it, none whatever: I did not take wine enough.

The mention of wine as a resource in a situation like ours revolted me. I conjured him to abandon his house, society, the whole train of his extravagances, all excepting, if he pleased, the legal proceedings, which were, I ventured to observe, hopeless in the opinion of most unprejudiced persons fit to judge of them.

"Dettermain and Newson," he rejoined, "have opened a battery that will have immediate effect."

Collecting himself, as if he felt that he had been guilty of talking reason to one bordering upon lunacy—"Wine, Richie, wine is what you want."

"I shall drink none, sir," was my reply.

"Richie, your pulse," said he, and was for insisting on the physician's sagest exhibition of his science. "I have despatched a letter to Sarkeld this afternoon. Now you light up, my dear boy. A taste of our empress—not margarine! I remember Mr. Temple's excellent word—and a

bottle of emperor will bring you round. Why, one would suppose we were beaten. The world has never yet said that to me."

Resolutions coming on a spur of disgust may be reckoned upon to endure for an evening. I was challenged to drink at table, and declined. Temple responded to the invitation manfully.

My father complimented him.

"I was telling Richie upstairs in my dressing-room I bear in mind your capital 'margravine of wines,' Mr. Temple. It brings back the day, the sunset, and the two dear lads wondering and happy, and making me happy. Not to drink good wine is to cut yourself violently from every glorious day you have lived, and intend to live. My wine is my friend, my prime minister, my secret cabinet, my jewel-case, my Aladdin's garden. I gain my cause fifty times over on wine. On the bare notion of water, by heaven! it floats drowned, like a young woman I saw once, a pretty creature, stretched out on straw: she had dressed herself with great care. I have detested water ever since: 'tis a common assassin, Richie!"

He challenged me again. My mind being now set against him, I heard nonsense in everything he uttered, and I reviewed the days when I had treasured his prolific speech, then marvelled, then admired and partly envied, then tolerated, then striven to tolerate. It had become scarcely bearable to my nerves to hear him out.

"I once, Mr. Temple," he took refuge with his wine-drinking ally, "while affording shelter far from conveyances, to a lady under an umbrella, during a thunderstorm in this identical London—which led, by the way, to an agreeable intimacy considerably more to my profit than I could have anticipated in my dreams—Kellington, her name was, now departed—behold the very poorest, squalid, refuse-wretch of all mankind opposite in the street receiving on his shoulders the contents of the house-spout. It has never been known to me why he preferred the house-spout to the shower. We may say we do. The instinct of humanity is entirely opposed to it in practise. Mistress Kellington—she was a maiden lady of some seven-and-thirty: we do not, Mr. Temple, ever place a lady's age exactly on the banks of forty, for fear she should fall over on the other side, where the river is: I commend you to the rule through life—fumbled after her purse. I stated at the time that it would be to pay for a shiver. I am not uncharitable. I contended then, and do still, the wretch committed a deed of unmitigated wantonness; I would have had him castigated: an infinitely worse act than that of the unhappy girl who cast herself into the water headlong! But the effect on me of a man drinking water where there is wine is to remind me of both. The horrors of an insane destitution pour down my back."

He shivered in earnest, calling to me: "Come, Richie," with his wine-glass in hand.

I nodded, and touched the wine with my lips.

He sent his man Tollingby for the oldest wine in his cellar: a wine by no possibility paid for, I reflected in the midst of his praises of the wine.

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This buying and husbanding of choice wine upon a fictitious credit struck me as a key to his whole career, and I begged firmly to be excused from touching it.

"He doubts me," my father addressed Temple—"Richie doubts me. He doubts my devotion to him; he doubts my cause; he doubts my ability to perform my obligations and my particular promise."

Drawing a breath like one who has taken a blow, he talked excitedly, forgetting the men in attendance, and then subsided, only to renew his florid self-justifications and proofs of his affection for a son that would not drink wine with him. He made a better case of it in the delivery, from his own point of view, than I am doing, and succeeded in impressing it upon Temple, whose responding "Yes" and "Yes" between appreciative sips of the old wine, showed how easily two lively spirits, at work upon him in unison, could unsettle a sedate judgment. But I was dumb. My father grew agitated. The footmen were evidently unused to see him in that condition. He kept away from family subjects until the table was cleared, and the decanters ruled.

"One glass, Richie, of the very lightest and purest claret ever shipped. Will you now, to humour me?"

I shook my head.

He struck the table, declaring that I did him injury. Unjust, unfilial, ungrateful, blind, were some of his epithets. I heard him speak of going into bondage for my sake, of his having reserved that bitter cup to toss it off in case of necessity on my behalf, and of a lady of wealth whom he respected and would swear to love for her service to his son. While Woman lived, he said, he had unlimited resources, and snapped his fingers at fate; Woman was his treasury of happy accidents, his guardian goddess, his guarantee of rosiest possibilities. All with a barely intelligible volubility speeded along by incoherent conjunctions, dashes, parentheses. I feared for his reason—such as was native to him. The wine was somewhat to blame. He drank copiously. I did not rebut his accusation that I meant to read him a lesson. I would have had it a sharper one.

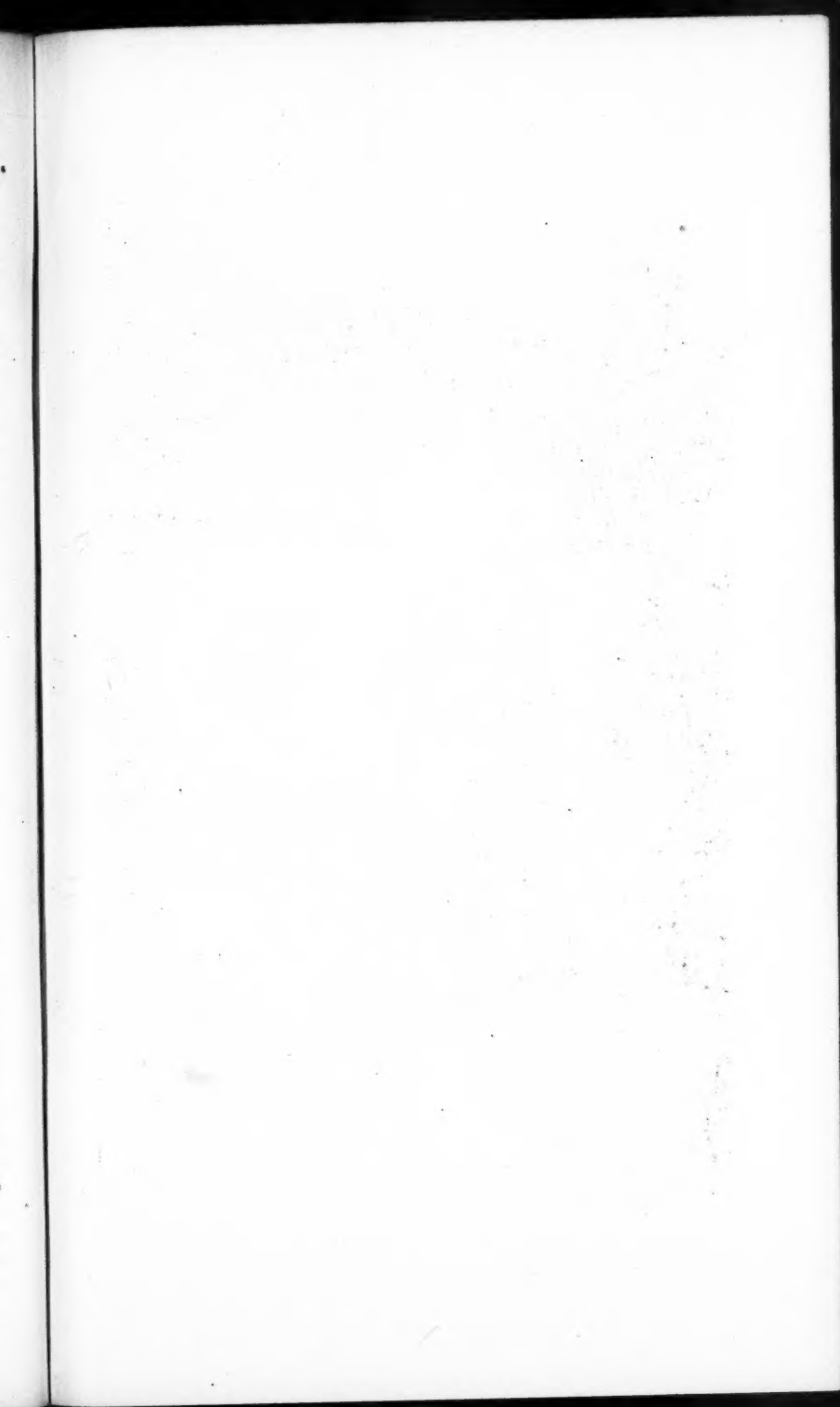
It was only when Temple and I were in the street, walking to his house, my sweeter home, that I discovered, upon a comparison of notes, my father to have signified his intention to repair our circumstances by marrying a wealthy woman; which lady, Temple and I gathered from sundry intimations, could be no other than Lady Sampleman.

Now Jorian DeWitt had affirmed that the wealthy widow, Lady Sampleman, was to be had by my father for the asking. Placed as we were, I regarded the objections to his alliance with her in a mild light. She could lend me the money to appease the squire: that done, I could speedily repay it. I admitted, in a letter to my aunt Dorothy, the existing objections: but the lady had long been enamoured of him, I pleaded, and he was past the age for passionate affection, and would infallibly be courteous and kind. She was rich. We might count on her to watch over him carefully. Of course, with such a wife, he would sink to a secondary social sphere; was it to be

regretted if he did? The letter was a plea for my own interests, barely veiled. At the moment of writing it, and moreover when I treated my father with especial coldness, my heart was far less warm in the contemplation of its pre-eminent aim than when I was suffering him to endanger it, almost without a protest. Janet and a peaceful Riversley, and a life of quiet English distinction, beckoned to me visibly, and not hatefully. The image of Otilia conjured up pictures of a sea of shipwrecks, a scene of immeasurable hopelessness. Still, I strove towards that. My strivings were against my leanings, and imagining the latter, which involved no sacrifice of the finer sense of honour, to be in the direction of my lower nature, I repelled them to preserve a lofty aim that led me through questionable ways.

"Can it be you, Harry," my aunt Dorothy's reply ran (I had anticipated her line of reasoning, though not her warmth) "who advise him to this marriage from a motive so inexplicably unworthy? That you will repay her the money, I do not require your promise to assure me. The money is nothing. It is the prospect of her life and fortune which you are consenting, if not urging him, to imperil for your own purposes. Are you really prepared to imitate in him, with less excuse for doing it, the things you most condemn? Let it be checked at the outset. It cannot be. A marriage of inclination on both sides, prudent in a worldly sense, we might wish for him, perhaps, if he could feel quite sure of himself. His wife might persuade him not to proceed in his law-case. There, I have long seen his ruin. He builds such expectations on it! You speak of something worse than a mercenary marriage. I see it in your handwriting!—your approval of it! I have to check the whisper that tells me it reads like a conspiracy. Is she not a simpleton? Can you withhold your pity? and pitying, can you possibly allow her to be *entrapped*? Forgive my seeming harshness. I do not often speak to my Harry so. I do now because I must appeal to you, as the one chiefly responsible, on whose head the whole weight of a dreadful error will fall. The fatal mistake of not trusting to your grandfather's affection, and the working of a merciful Providence, is to blame. Oh! my dearest, be guided by the purity of your feelings to shun doubtful means. I have hopes that after the first few weeks your grandfather will—I know he does not expect to find the engagement fulfilled—be the same to *you* that he was before he discovered the extravagance. You are in Parliament, and I am certain that, by keeping as much as possible to *yourself*, and living soberly, your career there will persuade him to meet your wishes."

The letter was of great length. In conclusion, she entreated me to despatch an answer by one of the early morning trains; entreating me once more to cause "any actual deed" to be at least postponed. The letter revealed what I had often conceived might be.



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